The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Mrs. Humphry Ward has arranged with Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. to write introductions for a new edition of the Brontës' novels. Mrs. Ward has recently paid a visit to Haworth and carefully examined the scenes associated with the Brontë sisters. Her sympathy with the Brontës has already been shown in "David Grieve."

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel goes very slowly. Her health has been reported as indifferent, and she has been working rarely. Her publishers, however, understand that the book is now progressing satisfactorily, and that they will have it some time this year.

Dr. Conan Doyle's adaptation of "Sherlock Holmes" will present an entirely new story of this most discerning and admirable detective. Dr. Doyle very wisely saw that he could not knit the old stories together and form a dramatic play. He has therefore made Sherlock Holmes the centre of a new story, and has developed the character of that silent but exceedingly far-seeing person. No doubt Mr. Gillette was born to play Sherlock Holmes—at least, that is his opinion, and it is principally for him, we understand, that the play has been written. It should be none the less interesting to English audiences, who will await it with considerable and pleasurable expectation.

Mr. W. E. Henley has now recovered the use of his hand, which was injured some time ago, and is able to write, though with difficulty. He has been staying at Worthing, and would settle there if he could find a house to his liking.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, is engaged on a very important work dealing with the whole Bible. He hopes that it will be completed in a year. The plan is new, and likely to be very acceptable.

We hear that the sixpenny movement in popular fiction has received a shock owing to the action of Messrs. Mudie. The story goes that they were shown the six-shilling edition of a well-known novelist's forthcoming book, but their answer was, "Let us see the sixpenny edition." When this was shown to them they remarked, "We can get this bound for threepence and buy it for fourpence; we will subscribe for the sixpenny edition, if you please." If publishers are unable to rely upon the libraries for the sale of their six-shilling editions, it is obvious that the popular experiment will be made somewhat tardily. And how long will it be before we hark back to the old experiment of six shillings, three and sixpence, and finally a sixpenny edition?

The bibliographers of Mr. George Meredith will be interested to hear of a little discovery, or at least a partial discovery, which it is for them to complete. It has been thought that Mr. Meredith's first-published production was a copy of verses entitled "Chilian Wallah," published originally in *Chambers' Journal.* A letter, however, has turned up in which Mr. Meredith mentions that previously to this he had published an article on Kossuth. It would be interesting to know where that article appeared.

The new religious monthly magazine which the Messrs. Harmsworth are bringing out will be under the supervision of Mr. Hartley Aspden, who has long been making preparations. The title, date of publication, and price will not be settled until Mr. Alfred Harmsworth returns from abroad.

Red seems to be a popular colour just now so far as the titles of some romances go. We had "The Red Axe" by Mr. Crockett, and one of Mr. Guy Boothby's new stories is to be called "The Red Rat's Daughter." Is this the reaction following "The Green Carnation"?

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has written a series of short stories, which he calls at present "Secrets of the Prison-House." They embody, in popular form, his quite amazing knowledge of the prison systems of England.

Mr. Guy Boothby has written a story for *Cassell's Magazine*, which he calls "A Maker of Nations."

Mr. John Lane will publish this month a new novel, "The Mandate," by Mr. T. Baron Russell, whose "Guardian of the Poor" met with a very favourable reception last year. The book deals with a reformed drunkard, and financial journalism also figures in it.

Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, the wife of Professor Ramsay, of Aberdeen, has written a novel, the scene of which is partly laid in Turkey. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

A volume of essays and addresses by the late Dr. Dale will be published in the spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will contain Dr. Dale's important essays on the Idea of the Church and the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit originally contributed to *Ecclesia*, besides other articles. The volume will include Dr. Dale's addresses as Chairman of the Congregational Union.

Mr. William Heinemann is warmly congratulated by his many friends on his marriage to Magda Stuart Sindici. Under the *nom-de-plume* of Kassandra Vivaria Miss Sindici published through Mr. Heinemann the brilliant novel "Via Lucis," which was fully reviewed in THE BOOKMAN at the time. She wrote a remarkable letter to the *Daily Chronicle* on this book, which was published in a little pamphlet by Mr. Heinemann. Of Mr. Heinemann's success as a publisher nothing need be said. It was immediate, and it has been lasting. According to some of our contemporaries, the marriage proves that the Society of Authors has been too hard upon publishers. It has been suggested in private that, in spite of the Society of Authors, it is only too possible that Mrs. Heinemann's future books may be published on the "iniquitous half profits" system.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

By the death of Mr. Thomas Foulis the Edinburgh reading public has lost an old and sterling guide and guardian. He was long head librarian to Edmonstone and Douglas, but on Mr. David Douglas being left sole publisher (with a world-wide reputation, for did he not introduce us to "Rats," and since then has given us a handy edition of American writers as well as editing Scott's Journal?), he took Mr. Foulis into partnership. Mr. Foulis continued zealous in his interest in the circulating library department of his firm. From his desk, overlooking a narrow strait leading to the busy library counter, he kept a watchful eye on the taste of his customers. He wisely refused books he judged readers from youth or ignorance had unwisely demanded. He was always ready to advise and select a choice of wholesome stories or improving literature from out of the manifold new books lying around. He read much himself, and was quick to discern merit in authors long before they had become popular favourites. Mr. Foulis's eyesight became impaired through illness, and many missed their literary guide and friend from the post he so diplomatically yet conscientiously filled. Frequenters of Douglas and Foulis hoped to see him back at his desk, and were genuinely grieved to read his obituary notice in the *Scotsman* on St. Valentine's Day.

Mr. Henry Norman has made up his mind definitely to sever his connection with the *Daily Chronicle*, for which he has done much important work for a number of years. He has been a long time in coming to this decision, but he has felt for years that the exigencies of journalism largely hindered him from carrying out his plans for original literary work. We should not be surprised if Mr. Norman were to appear in the field of fiction, and he will undoubtedly utilise his remarkable knowledge of foreign politics in further authoritative books. For a considerable period Mr. Norman has had the charge of the literary page in the *Daily Chronicle*, and has conducted it with conspicuous ability and impartiality. It is well known that publishers set a special value on the *Daily Chronicle* reviews. The page will now be specially attended to by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, author of "Our Neighbours" and "In the Valley of Tophet," books that have not been sufficiently appreciated. Mr. Nevinson was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford. He acted as correspondent for the *Chronicle* during the war between Turkey and Greece, and has contributed to the leading columns. Mr. Norman proposes to reside chiefly at the farm which he has recently purchased, in the management of which he has taken great delight.

KASSANDRA VIVARIA (MRS. WILLIAM HEINEMANN).

The *Butterfly* is resumed this month under the editorship of Mr. Edgar Wilson. The size is different from the old size, which we rather regret, and the list of artists is very much stronger than the list of writers, which is a pity, for no one need suppose that a periodical in England can be maintained by artists alone.

The annual report of the Brontë Society has been published. The Society has now existed for five years, and has fully justified its life. There are now three hundred members, the increase being continuous, and eight parts of transactions have been issued. Valuable additions have

been made to the Brontë Museum. In June last year a number of members visited Hathersage in Derbyshire, the village of Moreton in "Jane Eyre," and other scenes described in "Jane Eyre" were visited. Among the gifts to the Museum is an engraved portrait of the Rev. Carus Wilson, said to be the original of the Mr. Brocklehurst of "Jane Eyre."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "A Daughter of the Vine," will be published very soon in this country by Messrs. Service and Paton, and in America by Mr. John Lane. Those who have read the book think it likely to make a sensation. It is the strongest and most daring piece of work yet done by the writer, although it is comparatively brief. Mrs. Atherton is at present in Washington, and has created something of a sensation there by an addresss on Literary Life in London. Of this we hope to be able to give some account next month.

[*From Photo by*] [*Gilbert, Philadelphia.*
A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Few novelists of to-day have fought so plucky an uphill fight as Mr. Edwin Pugh, the death of whose father, when Mr. Pugh was only thirteen, compelled the young novelist to turn out into the world and earn his own living. He served a very rough apprenticeship to iron, as at one time he worked fourteen hours a day in an iron factory; after which he was a clerk in the City for eight years. Mr. Pugh attributes much of his success to the kindness of Madame Sarah Grand, whom he met in 1894, and who gave him the greatest help and encouragement. Mr. Pugh will publish a new book this spring.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer has written a work entitled "The Parson's Notebook," which will be published by Mr. Grant Richards. In his introduction the author attempts to set forth at some length what the official documents of the Church of England really require and what they do not require in the matter of ritual.

The new edition of Mr. Meredith's poems in the uniform issue of his works contains as frontispieces charming pictures of Flint Cottage and The Chalet, Box Hill. By the kind permission of Messrs. Constable and Co. we are enabled to reproduce the drawing of Flint Cottage.

FLINT COTTAGE, BOX HILL.
Reproduced from the new edition of Mr. Meredith's Poems, by kind permission of Messrs. Constable and Co.

M. Edouard Rod, the eminent French novelist and critic, has started for a lecturing tour in the United States. M. Rod is known in this country as the author of "The Private Life of Michel Tessier," but it is perhaps in his critical work that his talent is shown to best advantage.

M. EDOUARD ROD.

M. Rod's last novel, "Le ménage du Pasteur Naudié," was a very subtle study of French Protestantism.

The nineteenth annual report and accounts of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., have been issued by the directors. The net profits of the year are £3,490 17s. 1d., which, with the sum of £390 18s. brought forward from 1897,

makes a total of £3,881 15s. 1d. available for dividend. The directors recommend the payment of a year and a quarter's dividend of seven per cent. per annum, less income tax on the preference shares. The Dickens' copyright, stereos, and plates are valued at £20,903 12s. 1d., and the stock at £19,650. Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph*, now takes an active part in managing the affairs of the new company.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JANUARY 23RD TO FEBRUARY 18TH, 1899.

The state of trade during this period has been satisfactory. The re-opening of the schools caused the usual demand for educational works, and the trade in fiction and general literature has left little to complain of, although more would always be welcomed. Business with foreign countries and the colonies goes on steadily, varying little save in the late summer and autumn, when it usually improves.

Even the advent of Lent has not checked the sale of works of fiction, and the six-shilling novel pursues its merry career. The favourites are "Aylwin," "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," and "The Forest Lovers," and the others in the appended list are selling freely. The stir in Church matters has further stimulated the sales of "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," and Father Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" is again being enquired for.

There is a slight lull in "Patriotic" literature, but perhaps the issue of a sixpenny edition of "With Kitchener to Khartum," which is to appear immediately, will give it a fresh start. The most remarkable event in the trade has been the wonderful demand for C. M. Sheldon's works. "In His Steps" is the leading one, and several others are being disposed of in enormous quantities. It is stated that two millions have been sold in this country in three months, which is quite within the mark. The prices vary from 1d. to 3s. 6d.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett have been well received, as was expected.

The sale of Lenten Manuals is a moderate one; small compared with former years. Body's "Guided Life" is in fair request.

The interest still manifested in the Dreyfus case is reflected in the sales of F. C. Conybeare's book on the subject, large numbers of the work having been sold.

The most noticeable feature in the school-book trade has been the continued popularity of Dr. Meiklejohn's series, especially his Geography, English History, and English Language. These have outstripped all competitors.

There is no change to report among magazines. The usual proportion of moribund periodicals came to an end with the December issue, and there are no new ones worth mention, at least so far as their sales are concerned.

The appended list may be taken as a fair index of the public taste in literature at the moment of writing:—

The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Red Rock. By T. N. Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Mayfair Marriage. By G. Hamilton. 6s. (Richards.)
Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Two Standards. By W. Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)
Infatuation. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.
The Vision Splendid. By F. Bright. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Old Chester Tales. By M. Deland. 6s. (Harper.)
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh 3s. 6d. net. (Sonnenschein.)
Letters of R. Browning and E. B. Barrett. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Dreyfus Case. By F. C. Conybeare. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen.)
The Guided Life. By G. Body. 1s. (Skeffington.)
Recent Advances in Astronomy. By A. H. Fison. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Dream Days. By K. Grahame. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
Meiklejohn's English History, Geography, and English Language. 4s. 6d. each. (Holden.)
Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. By Father Chiniquy. 3s. 6d. (Banks.)
Sheldon (C. M.), In His Steps, and other works. (Various publishers.)
Life of Shakespeare. By S. Lee. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Jan. 28—A busy week, the magazine trade being in full swing. Export trade a little easier.
Feb. 4—Business during the week was well up to the average, both in home and foreign departments.
„ 11—A fairly busy week in the home trade. Foreign and colonial business steady.
„ 18—A better week than is usual at the time of the year. Colonial and export orders satisfactory.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1899.

There was a decided lull in trade for a few weeks at the beginning of the year, which was not unwelcome, considering the activity of the Christmas season and the strain consequently felt by all concerned.

The first intimations of the publishing houses were mostly in the direction of sixpenny editions of popular works, notably "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Ward; "Catriona," by R. L. Stevenson; "The Gates of Eden," by A. S. Swan; "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle; "Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock, and "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Steevens, the last-named to be issued immediately. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the magazine trade was the appearance of the thousandth number of *Blackwood*, and its revival of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," which met with a warm welcome and entered on its eighth edition.

The demand for the various works by the Rev. C. M. Sheldon steadily increased, and quite a number of publishers sent forth editions at prices from half-a-crown to one penny. The sales of "In His Steps" and "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong" were very large, and are likely to continue for some considerable time. In biography the popularity of "Drummond's Life" was maintained, and the "Letters of Mr. and Mrs. Browning" met with very sympathetic notice.

Owing to the present ecclesiastical situation in England, Dr. Fairbairn's "Catholicism—Roman and Anglican," proved by its ready sale that its issue was opportune.

Interest in Nansen's enterprise was revived by the appearance of Lieutenant Johansen's record of adventure, and in John F. Fraser's "Round the World on a Wheel" came an

entertaining tale of a modern method of travel full of incident. Books on Cuba were rather prominent, and in "Commercial Cuba," "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," and "The War in Cuba," those interested were fully supplied with literature.

Theology was well represented, and the following three books were in demand: Professor Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology"; Professor Hastie's "Theology as Science"; and Zahn's "The Apostles' Creed."

Of course the six-shilling novel bulked largely in the general business done, although the supply of new books was not quite so great as in recent months.

Amongst those mentioned in our last month's list, the following maintained their sale: "Aylwin," "The Open Question," "Mollie's Prince," "The Day's Work," and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"; and the new leading novels were: "The Dear Irish Girl," "Red Rock," "Countess Tekla," "Ashes of Empire," "Brown, V.C.," "The Vision Splendid," "Day of Temptation," and a volume by a new writer, "Black Rock."

Appended is our usual list of best selling books:—

Sheldon's In His Steps, and his other works at all prices.
The Sixpenny Editions of Gates of Eden, Robert Elsmere, Catriona, and Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
Life of Henry Drummond. By G. A. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Black Rock. By R. Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Dear Irish Girl. By K. Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Countess Tekla. By R. Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Day of Temptation. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (F. V. White.)
A Fleet in Being. By R. Kipling. 1s. (Macmillan.)
Red Rock. By T. N. Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Two Standards. By Dr. Wm. Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)
Brown, V.C. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Vision Splendid. By Bright and Mackray. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
And the Church Hymnary at all prices.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS JOURNALISM A CAREER FOR MEN OVER FORTY?

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—When you put this question to me several weeks ago, great pressure of business prevented me from answering, or even considering it; but the mere look of it caused a surprise and perplexity which even now have not passed away. To begin with, can there be any doubt about the view which will be taken of it by the journalist who has crossed the imaginary line which it draws? He is practically called upon to defend himself from the charge of having, during x—forty years (and the x need not be an unknown quantity to anyone who cares to ask what it is) occupied a place for which he is unfit, and appropriated a salary which somebody else ought to have had. He may be able to defend himself—the question does not quite condemn him unheard. But he is put in a very unfair position as compared with the journalist under forty, upon whose fitness for a career and claim to its emoluments not the slightest doubt is cast. It is to be supposed, however, that the question is asked without any personal intention, but even if it is merely meant that it should be discussed, so to speak, *in vacuo*, we are pulled up at once by the ambiguity of its terms. Does the propounder wish to know whether a successful journalistic career can be begun at forty, or whether a career that has been successful up to forty can be prolonged after that age? In the one case I should at once say not. Men who imagine that, because they have certain literary tastes and gifts, they are qualified, at any age, to do good work in any department of journalism, without having had a practical training for it, generally find that they have made a mistake. In the other case, I would simply ask, why not? What is there in the age of forty that creates a disability which did not previously exist? Are we to suppose that at this particular period of life the journalist is infallibly incapacitated, by some unfelt cerebral lesion, some obscure paralytic seizure which is unknown in other professions? If so, it would be interesting to learn what the young men—those of them, that is, who hold that there is no career after forty—feel as the fatal age approaches. The royal astrologer, the fairy godmother, must have been singularly remiss at their birth, else had they surely been prevented from entering so terrible a profession. I observe that in this correspondence reference is frequently made to the "New Journalists," and I gather that it is they who mock the older men, as Elisha the Prophet was mocked—by persons who were also under forty years of age. Well, I don't know any men who are, so to say, ear-marked (no offence is meant) as "New Journalists," but I have a general idea of the kind of work that is attributed to them. Some of it is very good; some very bad. What one would like to know is the particular kind of things in it which young men alone can do. It may very well be that the man up in years will be unable to slough the skin of prudence, judgment and knowledge with which long contact with the world and experience of the press have invested him. It may be, too, that if it were necessary that he should become inaccurate, frivolous, ignorant, vulgar, prying, and sensational, he might not succeed quite as well as those whose characters are still being formed. But for all the really good work that can be attributed to the younger men, age—moderate age, I mean, not octogenarianism—is not a handicap, but the reverse. I take it that the best qualities of the young men are the inventiveness, the ingenuity, the resource, the energy, which have unquestionably done a great deal to widen the field of interest of the newspaper, and he would be but a blind or soured veteran who would deny them the possession, or doubt the utility, of these qualities. But it is one of the lessons which experience teaches that journalism is a progressive profession, and the journalist who does not see that the most wooden and shabby little paragraph may perhaps be merely the wicket to a jungle of valuable material, will not succeed, whatever the number of his years may be. Men of the necessary qualities are to be found in plenty in the profession, though they may not call themselves "New Journalists," or fancy that at forty life will be over for them.

—Yours faithfully, CHARLES RUSSELL.

11, *Buckingham Terrace, Glasgow, W.*
February 17th, 1899.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your question is open to two constructions. If by it you mean to ask me whether I think that a man

should start as a journalist at the age of forty, I should say most emphatically and distinctly "No." But I hardly think that this can be your meaning, for the same answer would apply to every other business or profession. It could only be the exceptionally gifted man who would succeed in any business if he made so late a start at it.

Presuming, therefore, that you wish me to say whether I think journalism is a profession which a man may successfully continue after he is forty, I should answer with a most emphatic "Yes."

It would be a dreadful pity if the experience and judgment obtained by twenty years of work were to go for nothing. Naturally, one would not expect a man of over forty to be successful in the same kind of journalistic work as the youth still in his teens. A young man ought, in most cases, to make a better reporter and general hustler after news, than a man whose age is apt to disincline him to racing about here, there, and everywhere, and whose energies have been dimmed by perhaps twenty years' work in a very arduous profession. But in the majority of cases, the latter would make the better judge of the value of the material obtained, and of the form in which it should be presented to the reader.

The knowledge of man and matters acquired during twenty years of journalistic work should also, I think, make, in a general way, a man of middle age a better writer of leaders and descriptive matter than an inexperienced youngster could hope to be.

Then we have also to consider the business side of journalism, which is at least as important as the editorial. Clever organisation and business acumen are as valuable to the prosperity of a paper as clever editing; and the ripe experience of a middle-aged man must surely carry weight here.

Were your question to be answered in the negative, it seems to me that journalism as a career would present but few attractive features to a father anxiously debating as to the way in which his son should set about earning his daily bread.

Journalism, now-a-days, is recognised as a serious and legitimate profession far more than it was a decade or two ago, but all this would cease were it to become generally understood that it is a profession in which a man could only hope to exercise his youthful energies in acquiring knowledge that would be of little service to him once middle age had come upon him.

It is given only to a few to find themselves at forty in a position in which there is no more need for work.

The particular danger against which middle-aged journalists have to guard themselves, is that of becoming fossilized and behind the times, for of all businesses journalism is the one in which it is most needful to be up to date.

I am almost ashamed to send you these few hurriedly dictated remarks upon the subject on which you invite the expression of my opinion, but I am afraid that I have not sufficient time at disposal to be able to enter into the question as carefully and as fully as it should be entered into.—Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Henrietta-street, W.C., Feb. 13th, 1899.

THE READER.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE BROWNINGS.*

THE history of man is the richer for the unlooked-for gift that comes to English readers to-day. We had much already—the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "One Word More," "By the Fireside," the Letters of Elizabeth Barrett to her friends; and by all these means the story has been long familiar as a story to watch; but now we are made the recipients of an enormous confidence. We no longer merely hear, but overhear, by a permission that for a moment we have a mind to waive. Nevertheless, there should be no reluctance—the gift is too grave for any dispute. The liberty of action which Robert Browning gave his son was manifestly intended to be used in one way. To have left the Letters without a word would have been to charge Mr. R. B. Browning with the whole choice of action; but "There they are; do with them as you please when I am dead and gone," is a phrase that explicitly removes the chief doubt—and removes it with intention.

Not without thought are these Letters to be named the most important addition to human history—to the history of human character and of poetry—added to English letters during many a year. The union of the Brownings was an event without parallel; one to move the too easy sympathetic smile of sentiment (they were wont to laugh together over "Mrs. Tomkins" and her suave admiration for their "community of interests and pursuits," "so great an element of happiness," and so forth); and to provoke the even easier irony of commonplace—"Two poets! How transcendental!"; and the laugh, easiest of all, of practical common sense—"Two poets! Heaven help them!" But it was also an event that honoured literature and character. Robert Browning and his secret betrothed foretold together the conjectured comments, and laughed sensitively; they were stung, they saw and perhaps exaggerated the derision of the world. It was not to touch their souls, but it certainly pricked them. They took no account whatever of the sympathy of abundant respect to be offered to them—nay, not offered, to be reserved for them—by a scattered multitude of true and thoughtful readers of the poetry of both. By a grave revenge of time, it is precisely to these—slighted amid all the conjectures, prophecies, misgivings, and defiances of the inter-marrying poets—that these two volumes are addressed; to them they appeal; to them they plead for the reverent reception without the certainty whereof the publication had been a wanton act and an act of profanity.

These are amongst the most closely intellectual letters ever exchanged, and their matter was one thing—love. Allusions to contemporary authors, for which some readers will doubtless ransack the volumes, could not possibly be altogether lacking, but they are, in relation to the mass of the letters, very few. Robert Browning has his subtle and nimble hands full of the task of setting forth the thinking-out of love which was the life-work of his intellect during the whole year and a half covered by the correspondence. With this and with the passionate praises of his friend,

* "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845—1846." In two volumes. 21s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

poet, and love his infinitely various letters are almost entirely filled. Now and then he tells her a story—he has seen Carlyle, or Procter, or Chorley, and something has been said worth setting before the recluse in her little London room. But in truth these references to other people come about, oftener than otherwise, by way of accompaniment to some report that Browning has to give Miss Barrett of a review of his own work or of hers—who is likely to have written it, and why, and wherein the critic is declared by her to be inadequate as a writer on his work, and by him to be unfit to handle hers. On her side, sounds the most harmonious antiphon: the intelligence of love, the humility, the gratitude; the repeated question, "Is it generosity that comes thus to succour and cherish me?"; rejection of the self-love that would not kneel to receive such a gift, and the final persuasion that no generosity except the generosity of love is offered her by him whom she loves with an equal good will; confessions of her unworthiness; the intricacies of thoughts that are the reflections of another's and the replies thereto. A mirror facing a mirror does not puzzle us with a more intense multiplication. And on her part, in like manner, having written thus of herself, and of him, there may befall an incidental reference to Miss Mitford or Mrs. Jameson who has visited her, or to Miss Martineau who has written; but not much more than that.

The book is to read for love of the two lovers themselves, for the sake of the study of these two high and abounding minds and noble hearts encountering in an equal comprehension and an equal passion. And this is enough—far more than enough. What we read here is almost overwhelming in its beauty.

Between unequals sweet is equal love,

and in the common case the irony of inequality itself may tend to sweetness; at any rate the unequal race of mankind is happy to think so. The prevailing way is a way of felicity, and the Saints have had the experience of the love of unequals in infinite degree. But in the history of these two poets we are surprised by an exception to the prevailing lot—equal love between equals, and equals on the heights of intellect and moral greatness, the heights of human nature. More even than the mental riches of these letters is their moral nobility. It is impossible to imagine the man or the woman harbouring an evil or less than lofty thought, or falling short of their own ideal integrity. The secrecy which they practised was only a semblance of evil—for it was forced upon them by the tyranny of Elizabeth Barrett's father upon what she calls "one class of feelings"—which means that he was resolved to prevent the marriage of his children, men and women, by violence and menace if mere grim discouragement were not enough. Robert Browning's visits were paid in the hours of Mr. Barrett's absence, and nothing more than a friendship and an occasional call was suspected. The brothers might guess, and the sisters, who knew that Mr. Browning was a constant visitor, and who saw his flowers (gathered in his father's New Cross garden, for London was not then flooded with flowers in barrow and shop), might guess still more clearly, but they were to know nothing, so that they might be spared their father's subsequent wrath. It is impossible to think that however hateful the deception was, it was in any sense culpable. It was, as everyone knows, a terrible failure. After the secret marriage, when Elizabeth Browning had put on her ring again and was away across the sea with her husband, her letter of entreaty for pardon was unopened, and so were all her letters—amongst them one she had written with many tears telling her father that she was to bear a child and could not endure

ROBERT BROWNING.
From an oil painting by Gordigiani, reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

to face death unforgiven; and father and daughter never met again. How well, on the other hand, did "dear Mr. Kenyon," deceived like the rest—their nearest and dearest friend—endure the mortification! He was the Brownings' friend and benefactor, first and last.

Equality of intellectual as well as of moral nobility was theirs. Some of the letters are masterpieces of thought; the two had an infinite pleasure in chasing one another through a maze. The chase became a dance in gaiety more than once. Each accused himself—herself—of "selfishness" in accepting so much love. Browning writes at the outset:—

> It is not since yesterday, nor ten nor twenty years before, that I began to look into my own life, and study its end and requirements, what would turn to its good or its loss—and I *know*, if one may know anything, that to make that life yours and increase it by union with yours, would render me *supremely happy*. . . . My whole suit to you is in that sense *selfish*—not that I am ignorant that your nature would most surely attain happiness in being conscious that it made another happy—but that best, best end of all would, like the rest, come from yourself, be a reflection of your own gift.

Upon this the long discussion turns; the sentence may be taken as the theme of all that follows. At first she has the simpler fears; he pities (she knows) her ill-health, her imprisonment in English winters when she might have Italy; he has sought her to succour her, but she will not hamper his career by such an unequal marriage. Later on she has the more subtle misgivings, and so too has he, but he never relaxes the pressure of his suit, nor abates the

note of his rapture. "One goes upon chances, not on Providence; how could I expect you?"

I thank God—I *do* thank him, that in this whole matter I have been, to the utmost of my power, not unworthy of his introducing you to me, in this respect, that, being no longer in the first freshness of life, and having for many years now made up my mind to the impossibility of loving any woman—having wondered at this in the beginning, and fought not a little against it, having acquiesced in it at last, and accounted for it all to myself, and become, if anything, proud rather than sorry—I say, when real love, making itself at once recognised as such, *did* reveal itself to me at last, I *did* open my heart to it with a cry, nor care for its overturning all my theory, nor mistrust its effect upon a mind set in ultimate order, so I fancied.

He says, in another place:—

I do not, nor will not, think, dearest, of ever "making you happy"—I can imagine no way of working to that end, which does not go straight to my own truest, only true, happiness—yet in every such effort there is implied some distinction, some supererogatory grace, or why speak of it at all?

Again:

Can you now tell me or yourself that you could believe me happy with any other woman that ever breathed?

This is when he justly defies her threats of her father's anger:

The wrath of men, all the men living put together, I fear as I fear the fly I have just put out of the window; but I fear *God*—and am ready, he knows, to die this moment in taking his part against any piece of injustice and oppression; *so* I aspire to die.

All subtleties yield to the simplicity of love: "You only, only adorable woman, only imaginable love for me." "It is a glorious, successful, felicitous life, I thank God and you." "The dear, peerless, precious Ba I adore."

He makes her smile with this: "You must forgive half

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
From an oil painting by Gordigiani, reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

sheets, instead of a whole celestial quire." "If Ba is not to be '*tall*,' her letter shall not describe itself as 'long'"—he had never seen her standing up, and for many nights he dreamt of meeting her upright, on a landing. And he quotes some man's reply to a question why he—a person of intellect—had married "some kind of cook-maid animal": "You can't kiss Mind;" and imagines some third person representing to him, Robert Browning—

"May *you* not discover eventually that mere intellectual endowments—though incontestably of the loftiest character—mere Mind, though that Mind be Miss B.'s—cannot be kissed, nor repent too late the absence of those humbler qualities, those softer affections, which like flowerets at the mountain's foot, if not so proudly soaring as, as, as!" and so on till one of us died with laughing or being laughed at.

He urges her to marry him so that he may have the right, if she is to die, to stand by her bed. He entreats her to take his name so that he may be sure of sitting every day for half an hour at her side, which is more felicity than he had ever asked of earth or heaven.

Between these equals sweet was equal love. It was equal from the first. Elizabeth Barrett was writing her Sonnets, though they were her secret, and her confession is made by very slow degrees—degrees the delicacy of which makes one of the eminent beauties of the letters. She says exquisitely, "None of the love was lost, though all of it was undeserved." "It is not best—it is not good even, to talk about 'dying for me.' Oh, I do beseech you never to use such words. You make me feel as if I were choking. Also it is nonsense—because nobody puts out a candle for love of the light."

I shall hold to the right of remembering, to my last hour, that *you*, who might well have passed by on the other side if we two had met on the road when I was riding at ease, did not when I was in the dust. I choose to remember *that* to the end of feeling.

She was raised from the dust, and she is not timorous in giving thanks for joy: "Now when I see and believe your attachment for me, do you think that any cause in the world (except what diminished it) could render it less a source of joy to me?" "Ah, little (altogether) you know perhaps what a hard Degree that B : A : is to take—the BA which is not a Bachelor's." She is raised from the dust, and she laughs with him, and before the first volume closes returns all his tender words, but she feels the lowliness of love:

I may say before God and you, that of all the events of my life, inclusive of its afflictions, nothing has humbled me so much as your love. Your love has been to me like God's own love, which makes the receivers of it kneelers.

So was hers to him. And both were absolutely unworldly. He writes:

To consult my feelings on the only point in which they are sensitive to the world you must endeavour to live as cheaply as possible, down to my own habitual simplicity and cheapness.

She protests:

I admire that you, R. B., who have had temptation more than enough, I am certain, under every form, have lived in this London of ours, close to the great social vortex, yet have kept so safe, and free, and calm and pure from the besetting sins of our society.

They are obliged to discuss, nevertheless, the possibilities of living together at all. She writes: "Worldly thoughts these are not at all, nor have been; there need be no soiling of the heart with any such."

Some years together did these friends, mates, comrades, companions, readers and writers of mutual address, lovers, husband and wife, win from the menace of death—some fifteen. After that for nearly thirty years Robert Browning lived, undaunted and vigorous, in a world he never loved, until the day of his own release.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together.

This was his life; and this his death:

What, and is it you again? quoth I.
Again! whom else did you expect? quoth she.
Oh, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again.

ALICE MEYNELL.

A WORD FOR THE OLD JOURNALISM.—THE DECLINING ART OF REPORTING.

By an Anonymous Journalist.

IN Mr. Watts-Dunton's novel, "Aylwin," there is a painter who is greatly bored by any quality that is self-conscious. His garden is a little menagerie in which the unconscious grace of the animal creation is to him a solace and delight. Children amuse him only while their charm is exercised with a similar unconsciousness, and his tender interest in a poor maniac is intensified by her participation in what he calls (quoting from Victor Hugo) "the pensive somnambulism of the animals." To this painter the New Journalism would be terribly distressing, for one of its most conspicuous characteristics is certainly self-consciousness.

Now I do not want it to be supposed that I am an out-and-cut stickler for the Old Journalism, and an uncompromising contemner of what calls itself the New. I do not believe in such classifications at all; I believe in Old and New together, in new growths from old stems, owing their life and vigour, however little they know it, to still older roots. But in some of those developments which are the boasted products of the self-styled New Journalism, I do maintain that self-consciousness is an ugly and mischievous blot. I think, for example, that it is the ruin of one of the most important departments of journalism, the art of reporting.

It is sometimes said that newspapers in the olden times were too dull, too staid, too mechanical, and we are expected to rejoice in the evidence which some of our modern news-sheets give us of the personal interest taken in his or her work by every writer or chronicler on the staff. Now, as far as the chronicling is concerned, the intrusion, or obtrusion, of the writer's interest in his work is bad taste, bad art—or rather no art—bad journalism. The highest recommendation of the reporter is that he should be what the New School is pleased to call mechanical. Of course his mechanism must be intelligent. He undertakes to reproduce what has been said, or the substance of what has been said, and he must be a machine capable of doing what he undertakes. A very skilled machine he must therefore be, and he might well pride himself upon the fact that in all the range of journalism there is no more important office than that which he fulfils of presenting to his contemporaries, and preserving for posterity, the impartial record of a disinterested professional witness.

There has always been plenty of scope for ambition in this department of journalism—I mean for the ambition to excel. No one knew better than the reporter of the Old School that for his work no equipment was too complete, no knowledge too extensive, no impartiality too severe. He could pride himself on the cultivation within his own professional limits of the highest judicial qualities, and nothing gave him deeper offence than to see a journalistic colleague daring to violate the impartiality of the reporters' table, by making that a tribune for a public speech. Not that this old-fashioned reporter objected to colleagues in journalism taking their share in the duties of citizenship, or even speaking in public when they thought occasion called for their intervention. He might think it better that the journalist, of whatever rank, should confine himself to his own arena, but on that point he was no bigot. What he did sternly resent was the association of the reporters' table with any other than a strictly professional interest in any public proceeding.

The decline of reporting from its former high standard is not, I am well aware, to be all attributed to the different ideas of the new brigade. I make due allowance for the hurry and bustle of modern newspaper life, for the rapid multiplication of cheap newspapers and the consequent incursion of a large army of lads from the shorthand classes, among whom a certain proportion would readily confess that shorthand writing was at first almost the only qualification they had. Those who would confess it most readily are the men of true journalistic capacity who quickly perceived their own deficiencies and profited by their unexampled opportunities to improve their education. Those who would not confess it are the men whose reporting gives whatever there may be of point to the jibe of the New School at the expense of the "mechanical" reporter."

The New Journalism, however, does not content itself with a demand for an increasingly high standard of education in reporters. It appears to inculcate a totally different ideal of the reporter's duty; and it is rapidly depriving us, as I have said, of the art of reporting. The reporter must now put what is called colour into his work, and he must dot the i's and cross the t's for his reader. He must combine the functions of descriptive writer, commentator, and critic with that of reporter. He must impress us with his personal appreciation of what he is doing. He must have a point of view and captivate his reader with it from his first headline to his closing period. Everything must tell us what a clever fellow this reporter is, how funny, how cynical, or how pathetic, as the occasion may demand. The self-consciousness of the reporter is, in fact, the most impressive feature of the report. It seems to me that the interest of the reporter in his work is purchased far too dearly at this price of his self-assertion. A separation of powers is as necessary in journalism as in the State. Public confidence cannot be given to the reporter who also wants to be the leader of opinion, to score points for his editor, or even for himself as a brilliant spirit in successful revolt against stereotyped ways of presenting public news.

It is not a great compliment to the public to be so intent on guarding its intellect as to provide it even in its news paragraphs with a ready-made opinion. The Elementary Education Acts certainly opened up a new ground for exploitation by the press. It was the early perception of that fact that made the fortune of the founder of what is now known as *Tit-Bits* Journalism, and just as it has been found that older people can relish children's stories, especially if written by an Andersen, or a Grimm, or a Lewis Carroll, so it has proved that other readers besides the latest educated classes, appreciate in these busy times the presentation of the contents of their morning paper in something approximating to tit-bit measure. It is only wise that journalists, whether old or new, should take the hint; but surely it is folly to follow this clue too far. The public are not all children, nor are they all turning to the newspapers for nothing but distraction and amusement. Some have serious pursuits and a serious desire to acquire know-

ledge in some particular subject on which they are dependent upon the journalists for impartial information. Some do not look upon the duties of citizenship as mere child's play, and it can hardly be pleasing to them to have to choose between obvious partisanship and silly trifling. To such men, and indeed to all right-minded people, the gradual disappearance of the reporter—the man whose province used to be to give them the raw material with which to form their opinions uncoloured by his own—must be a daily irritation and regret. Moreover it is something of a calamity; because the kind of judgment which was trained in the reporter of the old school was a valuable quality which journalism can ill afford to lose. It proved a good preparation in many cases for editorial work, and its maintenance and assiduous cultivation in British journalism still would be a safeguard against the decline of our Press into the shameful and unscrupulous partisanship of much of the Continental and some of the American journalism.

In the Old Journalism there always was what we see less and less of in the new—a domain of absolute impartiality. That domain was held by the sub-editor and reporter; and fiercely as partisanship might rage in the editorial columns it used to be the pride even of the war makers in that arena that outside those editorial columns all parties had fair play. As pressure on space became more severe, and the multiplication of rival sheets made it less inhospitable to measure space to an enemy, it was natural to give the longer reports to one's own side, but this made a fair summary of the opponent's meeting all the more incumbent upon the reporter, and it was the custom on the first daily paper with which I was connected to give full reports of any speaker with whom the editor was in controversy. The descriptive reporter has since arisen to put colour, and animation, and individual view into any proceedings when there is a demand for these decorative effects. Leaderettes and notes have multiplied, and special contributors are at the command of every journal. Where, then, is the necessity for the entire disappearance of the neutral domain? Why is reporting in the old sense of the word discouraged? Why are we henceforth to have nothing between the shorthand writer's verbal transcript and the inadequate and blundering paragraph misnamed a summary or abridgment, unless we will also take the views and the humours and the prejudices of the man who under the pretext of improving reporting is improving it off the face of the earth?

The furious rage for colour, for dressing up the shop window, for pleasing the crowd with showy effect may be smart competition for a new market, and may be temporarily successful; but that does not make it good journalism; and old-established journals will make a mistake in following too far the latest fashions in newspapers. The vices of the old penny-a-liner who was laughed at for making his ordinary fires "conflagrations" and the flames a "devouring element" are really embodied in this superior New Journalism, which must have a sensation in every issue, if not in every page, and which will have it that an old journalist does not know a good piece of copy when he sees it, if he does not trick it out in false perspective, and call upon all the world by every manner of device and display to come and read this astonishing piece of news. For my part, as a reader of newspapers, I thank my colleagues, the producers of them, for few of their novelties. The indices to contents in my *Times* and in my *British Weekly* are of real value. I like also the genuine impersonal summary paragraph with the reference to the page on which the fuller report will be found. The editorial comments and the London letters (or in London papers the equivalent columns of gossip), and the descriptive articles, I enjoy in their proper places; but for the rest I would rather have my news presented to me soberly, and be allowed to appraise its significance and value for myself. But here I will end my sighing for some of the departing virtues of the older Journalism.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The Birmingham City Council will be asked by the Lord Mayor to confer the honorary freedom of the city upon Mr. J. Thackray Bunce (late editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*), in recognition of his services to Birmingham as a journalist and as a citizen.

Mr. A. J. Wilson, the new city editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, is succeeded at the *Standard* by Mr. A. W. Kiddy, the assistant city editor of the *Daily News*.

Mr. W. Woodings, who was formerly private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and later secretary of the Midland Liberal Federation, has been appointed Lobby correspondent to the *Daily Mail*.

The death of Mr. John Hawkings, founder of the Central Press, is announced.

At the annual meeting of members of the Liverpool Press Club held last month, Mr. J. D. Collins presiding, Mr. Joseph Mason was elected president of the club for the ensuing year. In connection with the recent sittings of the York Convocation, it has been noted with interest that Mr. Mason had been the official reporter of the proceedings of this Convocation for the last thirty-three years, and in that capacity has attended every meeting. During that time he has seen three archbishops preside in the Upper House, but that assembly does not now contain one member who was elected at the time Mr. Mason first attended the sittings at York. In the Lower House, which consists of about eighty members, there are now only two with as lengthy records as Mr. Mason. As treasurer and senior secretary of the Liverpool District of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. Mason has been one of the staunchest and most valuable supporters the Institute has had. He may be termed the father of the Provident Fund, for he never ceased to advocate the establishment of such a fund since the Institute first took shape. It was his pamphlet on the Provident Fund, presenting a set of actuarial figures, which was used in the final drafting of rules and rates for the Fund. In the Liverpool district Mr. Mason is held in the highest possible esteem.

The sympathies of Liverpool have been aroused towards Sir Edward Russell and Lady Russell by the untimely death of their second son, Mr. R. H. Langley Russell, on February 8th. Though for some time identified with literary pursuits, Mr. Langley Russell adopted the dramatic profession, and in this displayed a great ability. Of late he had suffered much from ill health, and died at the residence of Sir Edward and Lady Russell in Abercromby Square, Liverpool.

Mr. H. B. Westwood, who has been on the staff of the *Southport Visiter* for the past ten years, has just retired therefrom to join that of the Paris Express News Bureau. He has been the recipient of a presentation from fellow journalists of Southport.

Mr. J. M. Attenborough, of the *Leamington Chronicle*, has joined the sub-editing staff of the *Bradford Observer*.

The *Birmingham Weekly Post* continues to progress in attractiveness under Mr. Hammerton's editorship. The latest change is from a twelve-page paper to one of twenty-four pages, the size of the page being reduced so that the *Weekly Post* approximates in appearance to some of the more popular London weeklies, though it retains its own distinctive character in get-up and contents. The alteration took place at the beginning of last month, and has proved generally acceptable.

Mr. Nottingham, formerly of Messrs. Allen and Nottingham,

proprietors of the *Wakefield Echo*, has recently joined the staff of the *Yorkshire Post*, Leeds.

Mr. E. Goadby is again representing the National Press Agency in the Press Gallery as principal leader writer.

Mr. Harold Cox, who has been appointed secretary of the Cobden Club, is the Parliamentary representative of the *Daily Graphic*.

Mr. H. F. Euren, editor of the *Norwich Mercury*, one of the best-known journalists in East Anglia, has been appointed Chairman of the Eastern District of the Institute of Journalists, in succession to the late Mr. J. J. Colman.

Among the picturesque additions to the Press Gallery this session is Mr. Rose, who distinguished himself as Reuter's correspondent in the Græco-Turkish war. His description of the retreat of the Greeks from Larissa was a masterpiece of descriptive writing. He has joined the staff of Hansard's Debates.

The *Leamington Chronicle* has been sold by Mrs. Attenborough to Mr. Percy Linoker, who has edited the paper for some years.

Mr. Fred Taylor has assumed the duties of managing editor of the *Hemel Hempstead Gazette*. He was formerly chief reporter on the *Herts Guardian*.

Mr. A. T. Yeo, who a short time ago completed his term of apprenticeship on the reporting staff of the *Somerset County Gazette*, Taunton, has received an appointment on that of the *Evesham Journal and Four Shires Advertiser*, published at Evesham, Worcestershire. Before he left, his colleagues at the the *Gazette* office, as an expression of their goodwill, presented him with a handsome silver match-box.

Sheffield has been selected by the Council of the Institute of Journalists for its annual meeting. In view of the event the Sheffield and District Branch of the Institute have unanimously invited Mr. R. H. Dunbar (*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*) to become chairman for the year. Mr. Dunbar, who was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Institute during the previous visit to Sheffield in 1890, has accepted the invitation. The Lord Mayor (Alderman W. E. Clegg) has granted the use of the Council Chamber, etc., for the meeting, which takes place in May.

Mr. Mackley has given up the editorship of the *Penrith Times*, and Mr. John Sansom, formerly chief sub-editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, has recently been appointed to the post. The proprietors of the *Penrith Times* are about to bring out a half-penny weekly in addition to their present paper, which is published at a penny.

The third of the series of Cinderella dances in connection with the Gallery Lawn Tennis Club, the Institute of Journalists, and the Press Club was held last month at Brixton Hall, and proved a very great success. The success of the dances is largely due to Mr. J. C. Duckworth and Mr. A. H. Watson, the joint secretaries, who on Satuday last also acted as M.C.s.

Mr. D. Wolff has resigned the post of manager of the *St. James's Gazette*, an office which he accepted a couple of years since, on the retirement of Mr. Mayo Gunn. The new manager of the *St. James's* is Mr. F. C. Barley, who retains, however, his position as editor of the *St. James's Budget*. Mr. Barley was only appointed editor of the *Budget* last October. Mr. Wolff has undertaken the management of the *Sun*—the paper, by the way, he left to go to Dorset Street.

Mr. W. C. Sullivan, editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, was entertained at dinner last month by his staff on completing twenty years connection with the paper. Mr. G. H. Bywater (assistant editor) presided.

Mr. G. A. Copeland, of the *East Riding Telegraph*, Beverley, has left to take up a chief reportership at Greenwich.

"The Romance of the English Press, both Newspaper and Periodical, during the present Century," is the theme of a work upon which Mr. Alfred F. Robbins has been for some time engaged, and which is intended for publication in the autumn. It will deal with British journalism from the literary rather than the commercial or statistical standpoint.

Mr. F. Carruthers, son of the chief reporter of the *Leeds Mercury*, has left the reporting staff of that journal, in order to pursue his studies as an artist in Paris.

Mr. H. B. Eaton, of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, has just recently been presented with a handsome marble clock, suitably inscribed, by his colleagues on the *Guardian* and *Evening Post* as a mark of their esteem, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Blanche Hepplewhite, second daughter of Mr. W. H. Hepplewhite, H.M. Deputy Inspector of Mines for the Nottingham District.

In recognition of his services as honorary secretary, especially in connection with the Nottingham Conference of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. F. H. Bacon, at the recent annual meeting of the East Midland District, was presented with a silver salver, subscribed for by the members of the district. Mr. Bacon has relinquished the secretaryship, and the duties of the office have been undertaken by Mr. H. A. S. Grant, chief reporter of the *Nottingham Express*. A change in the chairmanship of the district has also been made, Mr. Richard Ivens, F. and V.P. (editor of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*), being succeeded by Mr. A. J. Woolrych (F.), of Burton-on-Trent.

The *Eastern Daily Telegraph* (Grimsby), after an existence of about two years, is to be discontinued.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Mackenzie, of the *Northern Star*, Dingwall, has joined the reporting staff of the Glasgow *Evening News*. A re-arrangement of the reporting and editorial staff of the *News* has taken place through the appointment of Mr. D. Hodge as London correspondent of that journal.

The death has just taken place of Mr. Hugh A. Sharp, joint-editor of the Rothesay *Express*. Mr. Sharp was formerly connected with the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* and Glasgow *Evening News*, and was a versatile journalist, having taken a special interest in aquatic matters. He had passed his fiftieth year.

Mr. John Wilson, senior partner of the Edinburgh *Evening News*, and Mrs. Wilson, entertained the members of the literary staff and other employees to an "At Home" at their residence, Green Park, Liberton. There was an attendance of over 160 guests, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

The tenth annual dinner of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland District Institute of Journalists was held last month in the Royal Hotel. Mr. James Smith, Chairman of the District, presided, the croupiers being Mr. Alexander Grant and Mr. James Beveridge. The toast of "The Institute" was given by Mr. C. G. Macrae, Chairman of the School Board, and replied to by the Chairman. Mr. J. D. Cockburn gave "Our Guests." In replying, Bailie Pollard referred to the discussion going on in THE BOOKMAN as to the age when Journalism is a career for men.

IRELAND.

Death has made sad havoc amongst Irish journalists of late. To-day we chronicle with regret the death of Mr. T. O'Riordan of the *Freeman's Journal* staff. Mr. O'Riordan was a young man of considerable promise, and his genial manner made him popular with all. He was not unknown in the Gallery, where he represented the *Freeman* for several sessions.

We are pleased to state that Mr. Andrew Dunlop, F.J.I., Dublin, who has been seriously ill for the past two months, is now convalescent, and is recruiting his health at Lucan, a health resort near Dublin.

Mr. Fred Allan, the popular manager of the *Irish Daily Independent*, has been superseded by Mr. Hosker, imported from London, much to the regret of Mr. Allan's many friends.

Mr. George Singer, well known in newspaper circles in England and Scotland, has been appointed manager of the *Daily Express*, Dublin, a journal which, by the way, under the enlightened enterprise of the new proprietary, is making rapid headway as a leader of public opinion in Ireland.

ISLE OF MAN.

The annual meeting of the Isle of Man Sub-District of the Institute of Journalists was held at Douglas, February 1st. The election of officers resulted in Mr. J. A. Brown (*Isle of Man Times*) being appointed president; Mr. S. K. Broadbent (*Isle of Man Examiner*), vice-president; Mr. J. Hartley (*Manxman*), secretary, and Messrs. Rothwell, Heyes, R. J. Grindley, J. F. Clucas, and L. G. Hannay as the committee for the ensuing year. The committee were asked to consider the question of press accommodation in the legislature and in the law courts, and to report to an early meeting.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The daily press in South Africa is to receive an addition on May 1st, when a new morning paper called the *South African News* will make its appearance at Cape Town. Linotype and other machines for the new journal are being built in England, and the editor will be Mr. Albert Cartwright, a journalist trained in Lancashire, who for nearly twelve years past has been connected (successively as reporter, sub-editor, assistant editor, and editor) with the daily press at Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Kimberley.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NEAR EAST.*

If any one fancies that there is a dearth of good books about Turkey, recounting in a style at once true and interesting the impressions that well-informed, able, and observant travellers receive in the country, he will confess his error after reading the careful and thorough work of Mr. Miller, or the slighter but quite charming book by Lord Warkworth. From different points of view they both deserve very high praise. But the profound misconception of Turkish affairs which prevails almost everywhere in Britain is not due to the want of good books about the country. It would not be easy to beat some of the old books for familiarity with land and people, or for insight into the real character of Turks and Turkish questions. The "Roving Englishman in Turkey," whose work (first published in 1854) I have been reading in the last few days for the first time (though old residents in Smyrna used often to tell me of the man himself), will not easily be surpassed by any of the moderns. The mischief never has been the want of books, but the want of readers. Politicians and people alike, when any crisis attracts attention to "the Near East," seem to derive their only ideas of the case from the leaders in the current newspapers, which are inspired more by a patriotic desire to aid Britain by strengthening the hands of the political party which each writer considers best fitted to manage our national interests, rather than by any real knowledge of, or interest in, the unfortunate races, Mohammedan and Christian, that have the evil fate to be ruled by the Porte—and it is often hard to say whether Mohammedans or Christians suffer most from it.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for people accustomed to life in Britain really to understand the Turkish character; they cannot conceive its lazy, sluggish indifference, or the slovenliness and disrepair that reign in everything Turkish. The teaching of every one that knows the country is practically the same; but it is never really believed, because the truth is incomprehensible. The Oriental mind is not to be understood by the Anglo-Saxon; and hence the most faithful pictures of it seem always a bundle of impossible inconsistencies. Its moods and variations, when told in western words to western ears, seem absolutely contradictory. The Turkish Government has never been intolerant in religion. That is perfectly true, for the Turkish mind is too absorbed in the present, too incapable of planning a strong policy for the future, to be actively intolerant. Yet it has, time after time, carried out massacres, in which the shibboleth for distinguishing the victims was purely religious, on a scale and with a relentless and ferocious thoroughness that cannot be paralleled in history. That also is perfectly true. The Turk, naturally, is singularly honest and straightforward. That is perfectly true; that is his great charm to every traveller. Yet the man who knew the East better than any other Briton in our time, who admired so highly the indubitable good qualities of the Muslim that he was believed by many to be almost a Mohammedan, says in a political paper, written with full deliberation in the maturity of his judgment, "The credulous dreamed that Turkey intended to keep her treaty engagements. Not she! When Turkey promises, suspect a lie; when she swears, be sure of a lie. What to her are treaties, save things to be broken? Talk of a treaty between a dog and its fleas!" (Sir R. F. Burton, Life II., p. 548). That also is perfectly true. The Turk is brave, and makes an excellent soldier. Yet when he has not been drilled and aided by Europeans, there are few bodies of men that have been so ineffective as many Turkish armies. The Turk has a love for weapons, yet I never met a Turk that was even a decent shot; all were positively bad, whereas a Circassian is almost always good. It takes some headwork and some prudence to learn to shoot. The Turk must be taught by a European.

Thus one might go on for pages, arraying contradictions against one another. And—crowning contradiction of all—this Proteus is the most simple, single-minded of mankind! But these are not really contradictions; they are merely phases of an Oriental character; only they are different utterly from the phases of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Obviously, it is hard to paint this character fairly; in fact, it is impossible to do so except by showing the Turk in history, explaining what he has done in the world, and why. If one had to put that in a philosophic definition, one could only say: Turkish conquest means Nomadisation, the reduction of a country to the Nomadic stage; to do that completely is difficult in the situation; the contradictions that arise are solved by the Turk through extermination, and can be solved in a humaner way only by raising the country and the population again to the settled agricultural and industrial stage; in that everything is involved. It is an entire mistake to fancy that the essence of the difficulty in Turkey is either religious or racial. The Turkish character is well calculated to serve as the solvent medium in which the diverse races and religions of Turkey shall be brought into combination. There is a far more intense antipathy between the Turk and the Circassian, Mohammedans all, than between the Turk and any Christian race. Yet even the Circassian may readily be brought into harmony in that combination, in which the Turkish element will be the most colourless and least apparent, and yet the most necessary of all.

That is the truth which I have tried to preach; and that is, beyond all doubt, the inference that springs from the books which I have named, and from every other true book on Turkey. Read Mr. Miller's admirable pictures of Bosnia and Herzegovina on the one hand, of Greece on the other. You must feel that modern Greece would be all the better for an admixture of the Turkish stock. That I have always maintained to be the case. Those who have not seen and known practical life in Turkey ridicule this, and talk about Turk and Christian as oil and water; and it is vain to argue with them!

Considering how puzzling Oriental nature seems to the European, it is easy to write a book in which no sentence shall be unjustifiable or untrue, yet the total effect is quite untrustworthy. But thorough knowledge keeps Mr. Miller right, natural instinct and sympathy always prevent Lord Warkworth from going wrong. Few things would please me more than to find that both were widely read. Mr. Miller seems to me to possess a wonderful combination of knowledge and judgment. We are always apt to praise the person with whom we agree; and I confess to agreeing with Mr. Miller. If I were asked to defend the statements of my own book, I might content myself with quotations from him. Lord Warkworth's book, again, I have read with probably more pleasure than any other about Turkey. I began to read it, because I heard (falsely) that he was a real "Turcophile," and I was curious to learn how a Turcophile would narrate his journey. I found him only a lover of Turkey and a friend of Turks; and with all such I am always in agreement. A Turcophile may have no love for Turkey, and may be no friend of Turks. Among people of note in England, I cannot name more than two real Turcophiles, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. D. G. Hogarth; and the latter gives no lovable picture of the ordinary Turkish peasantry.

Mr. Miller insists strongly (as I have done) that a fundamental evil in Turkey lies in the want of education within the family. You can do nothing to improve a country till you train up a capable and honest and healthy and well-informed generation of young men. Mr. Miller lays great stress—and not wholly in joke—on the retarding influence exercised by the Turkish script. The young Turk spends so many years in grappling with that terrible alphabet (one which I frankly acknowledged from the beginning of my Turkish education to be beyond my intellectual powers to grasp) that he has no time to acquire a sound education. Undoubtedly, one rarely finds a Mohammedan official that can read easily the documents presented to him; the vast majority (so far as my experience among the rustic departments goes) are almost wholly dependent on a clerk, commonly a Christian, and it is occasionally told as a remarkable fact about some official that he reads every paper himself. Yet the Romans, with the most marvellously awkward and irrational system of notation for numbers and money that human ingenuity is capable of inventing, were a race of book-keepers, and conquered the world as traders quite as much as by war.

One strong factor in Turkish life that seems to me to be unobserved in Mr. Miller's book lies in the woman-question. He speaks, of course, about the vacuity of mind induced by harem life; but he does not explicitly recognise how impossible it is that healthy home education should exist, unless the women of a race feel that they have minds. We are not always con-

* "Travel and Politics in the Near East." By William Miller. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey." By Lord Warkworth, M.P. 21s. (Arnold.)

scious how immense an influence on the development of a people is exercised by the intellectual standard maintained by women within the family. His experience of Turkey has lain almost entirely in the cities, where the male traveller can see nothing of the women, and where even the female traveller can rarely see more than is visible at a formal call. In the country districts, where life is freer, even the mere man gradually comes to see that the beginning of real progress among the Turks lies in raising the standard, mentally, morally, and physically, of the women of Turkey.

I cannot help regretting that Lord Warkworth, whose desire to be fair and judicial is everywhere apparent, has thought it right to keep down the feeling which was once thought characteristic of the Englishman and of English policy,

> A weakness for the weaker side,
> A siding with the helpless weak.

Byron sneered at that feeling when he spoke of "the fond ally, that fights for all and ever fights in vain." Yet Byron gave his life for it. It has, however, become distinctly unfashionable in modern England; and I have had to cross the Atlantic to seek from Joaquin Miller an expression of it in modern English literature. One finds it there again in Whittier,

> But for me I never will stop to ask
> Which dog is in the right;
> For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
> For the under dog in the fight.

I have many friends among the Turks. There are hundreds of them whom I would gladly meet again, hundreds to whom I am indebted for kindness unrecompensed. Among the Armenians with whom I have been brought in contact there are only three or four whom I should not be sorry to meet again. But yet in the question between Armenian and Turk, after all is said on both sides and all is weighed, my whole sympathy is with the Armenians; and so I will plead so long as I have breath. The right never lies wholly with one party; but there are few questions in history in which the right is so nearly all on one side and the wrong on the other as in this.

The photographs with which Lord Warkworth's book is richly illustrated are beautifully reproduced. Four or five (pp. 111, 159, etc.) are done in one style very well. The rest are in in a different style, and make exquisite pictures; they have been carefully studied and elaborately worked up with true artistic feeling. Take for example the one that faces p. 162. The patches of strong light add wonderfully to the effect; but mere photography could never make them. I should like to know where and by whom that work was done. Mr. Miller's book is also profusely illustrated, but not in the same style.

W. M. RAMSAY.

DR. FAIRBAIRN'S VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.*

I.†

"The scope of this book is not so large," says Dr. Fairbairn in his Introduction, "as the title may seem to suggest. Catholicism, even as qualified by Roman, does not here denote the Church of Rome. Its system is not here in dispute." I had scarcely made an end of reading these words, when my copy of the *Daily Chronicle* informed me that Dr. Fairbairn—in this very volume—"finds that Catholicism, in both its Roman and Anglican garb, disbelieves in the human mind—that is to say, disbelieves in reason. It holds, with Newman, that the Divine Reason is not immediately represented in the human mind; that the mind by itself has no vision 'beyond this bourne of time and place,' and that it cannot, in consequence, arrive at any religious conclusions."

I leave to Anglicans the task of explaining their own philosophy. As regards Cardinal Newman, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, I will venture on some observations before laying down my pen. But it seems due to the Catholic Church that misrepresentations so extraordinary, so entirely without warrant in her teaching and opposed to her principles, should be repudiated as decidedly as they have been advanced. I can speak with knowledge while appealing to experience which, in this matter, is wanting both to the journalist and to the eminent champion of Christendom whom he has undertaken to interpret. Catholics must be allowed (but will they ever?) to be acquainted with their own doctrines more intimately than strangers and enemies. Principal Fairbairn, also, might have cleared up the haze which overhangs many of his pages, if he had simply quoted certain well-known passages in St. Thomas Aquinas, or any of our text-books which deal with Natural Religion, or the luminous treatise "De Deo" of my illustrious Roman master, the late Cardinal Franzelin. But what I have to say now is this:—

It is the Catholic way to distinguish between that which can be known by reason concerning the existence, attributes, and nature of God, and that which can be known simply by Revelation, and is impenetrable to reason in its mortal stage. Reason, say the Fathers, the Schoolmen, the modern theologians, and the Vatican Council, is capable, by the due exercise of its powers on premisses within its reach, of arriving at a true conclusion as regards the grounds of Natural Religion, viz., that there is a Creator of all things, holy, just, and beneficent, "the rewarder of them that seek Him." This statement might be verified by quotations which would exhaust libraries. It is, therefore, absolutely untrue that Catholicism, in its Roman garb, denies to the mind a vision "beyond this bourne of time and place"; untrue that it refuses to the ordinary human reason all power of arriving at religious conclusions; untrue in the highest degree that it banishes from the mind that Divine Reason, the source of its light, upon which it is stayed, and in virtue of which it apprehends whatever is known to it. The Catholic Church does not believe in a natural "intuition" of God; but she does believe that the mind of the natural man is capable of deducing His existence from phenomena, as St. Paul teaches in his Epistle to the Romans, and as is patent in the Book of Wisdom and elsewhere in Holy Scripture. To charge "philosophical scepticism" upon the Church is possible only to those who have never entered her schools or opened her commonest manuals. For in those manuals the thousand times repeated arguments of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Minucius Felix, Augustine, Athanasius—how many more names shall I recite?—are stereotyped and enforced.

I do not imagine that Dr. Fairbairn is denying these things which in a man of his conspicuous learning it would be wonderful if he did not know. He strikes at Cardinal Newman; but whether he identifies the Cardinal with the Church, or to what extent he does so, I never could satisfy myself. Of two things one, as the French say. Either Cardinal Newman was orthodox, and then he must have held in this article what Rome has always taught, and in our own day has emphatically repeated—or he was heterodox, and in due time, when that has been clearly seen, his "scepticism" will be condemned like the so-called "fideism" of Lamennais and Bautain. In either event, the Church stands where she did, affirming the competency of natural reason up to a certain point, its incompetency beyond that point, and the practical, but not logical, necessity of a Revelation which shall enable the multitude of men easily and efficaciously to believe in a God whom their reason, as well as their conscience, discloses to them, although in mist and shadow. Cardinal Newman's philosophy on this surely deep question has never been examined at Rome; it is voluminous and subtle; it may contain positions which will not survive the criticism of theologians; whatever its final value may turn out to be, it is not, it never was, the official doctrine of the Church, and it must stand or fall by its own merits.

But has the Principal, though taking infinite pains to compass his great subject, quite understood what Newman intended in his word "reason" and all that follows it? I cannot think so. Nor is the explanation far to seek. Newman employed language in a fashion peculiar to himself, yet popular in its associations, and not technical—the somewhat Lockian terminology of the Oxford into which he was born. Dr. Fairbairn—who is rather jealous of anybody comprehending Kant but himself, if I may say it in passing—comes to us from the Germans, and to him "Reason" is an august synthesis of faculties, "pure" and "practical," with principles of knowledge, divine as well as human, proper to itself. This, I would suggest, is very much the connotation of the word in our Catholic schools; nor do I believe that between us and Dr. Fairbairn, after a little explanation of terms, there would be any difference, as regards "Natural Religion." When we came to talk of Revelation, it might appear that there was in his phrases, if not in his meaning, a taint of Rationalism. On that head I will express no opinion. I should also grant that

* "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican." By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. 7s. 6d. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

†[A second article from another standpoint will appear next month.]

various of Newman's sentences, especially during his Anglican period, and in the "University Sermons," require some charity of interpretation. But, nevertheless, I doubt if many competent critics will allow that Dr. Fairbairn's charge of "philosophical scepticism" has been made out. To me it seems clear from the "Grammar of Assent"—not to speak of other volumes—that Newman did, in fact, go on to the "reduction of conscience and reason to a higher unity," which the Principal demands; indeed, his whole philosophy is a protest on behalf of the concrete living individual, against those who would abstract, and divide, and dissipate him into any number of ideas, faculties, or sensations. The man, whether he believes or disbelieves, does so as a whole, according to Newman, *per modum unius*; of course there is reason, though implicit or latent, in his conscience, as there ought to be conscience in his reasoning. If Dr. Fairbairn had followed up this clue, he would, I hope, have ended with an admission that Newman's "scepticism" was an affair of names, even though allied with distrust of every intellect not subject to sound ethical principles. That is a distrust which his critic shares, for "it must be true," says our author, "that the man who is deaf to the voice of conscience cannot reason rightly in religious matters." I do not believe Cardinal Newman ever proposed to say more than this. Take one sample in evidence:—

"There is a certain ethical character," we read on page 499 of the "Grammar of Assent," "a system of first principles, sentiments and tastes, a mode of viewing the question, and of arguing, which is . . . the *organum investigandi* given us for gaining religious truth, and which would lead the mind by an infallible succession from the rejection of atheism to theism, and from theism to Christianity. . . . And when a Catholic is seriously wanting in this system of thought, we cannot be surprised if he leaves the Catholic Church, and in due time gives up religion altogether."

I cannot perceive any scepticism in these words; but they embody much experience, both painful and gratifying. It is certain that men resist the most cogent arguments for religion when their passions or interests plead against it, and that piety is the mainstay of belief. "Shall we say," asks Newman, "that there is no such thing as truth and error, but that anything is truth to a man which he troweth? and not rather, as the solution of a great mystery, that truth there is, and attainable it is, but that its rays stream in upon us through the medium of our moral as well as our intellectual being?" Now I ask in turn, do we not, in passages like these, of which the Cardinal's writings are full, become aware of a "higher unity," a synthesis, or a communication, no less intimate than vital, binding up those "faculties" which, by an effort of abstraction, or for purposes of scientific analysis, we speak of as if they were divided? And if Newman has denounced corrupt reason as leading us into error—if he sees, what Scripture declares, that the "world," corrupt also, is its false prophet—how does he sin above all Christian teachers who have uttered the same denunciations before him? The Catholic, indeed, is careful not to excommunicate natural reason or nature itself as being "totally depraved." But to convert into metaphysical axioms these sayings about life and history in the concrete, is to inflict upon Newman a taste for pure speculation which he never knowingly indulged.

There is much in Dr. Fairbairn's pages finely expressed and deeply felt. I should have taken delight in dwelling upon them for my own edification, did I not fear that consent in many things might be thought an admission of others, in which, as it appears to me, the reality, the inward life, and the genuine spirit of the Roman Church are misconstrued because unknown. Outside all controversy that life goes on, hidden but enduring, the greatest power which makes for religion now as in times past. There is a Catholic Revival; will anyone deny that it is likewise a revival of Christianity? Not Dr. Fairbairn, who admits in eloquent language that it has affected all the Churches, and is now beginning to do its work on the social order. I wish, in the light of these considerations, that he could have suffered the dust of fourteen years to lie unswept upon certain of his essays, in which, while distorting out of shape so noble a figure as Cardinal Newman's, he will not carry his readers with him, yet, as the *Daily Chronicle* proves, may seem to many an accuser of the Catholic Church so paradoxical, that her very faith is transformed in his fancy to the doubts and sophistries of scepticism.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. BIRRELL ON COPYRIGHT.*

Mr. Augustine Birrell has won a many-sided reputation. As a lawyer, a member of Parliament, a man of letters, or an after-dinner speaker, he has a wide circle of admirers. In the present volume he has reprinted the "more popular," as he tells us, of the eighteen lectures he lately delivered as Quain Professor of Law at University College, London. Why in the name of all that is wonderful he did not reprint the whole course is best known to himself. Mr. Birrell is irrepressibly cheerful, and he approaches even the law of copyright in a spirit of *bonhomie* which certainly does not belong to the Courts, when a copyright case is "on," to the House of Commons, when discussing copyright law amendment, to the man of letters, with literary property in his mind, but which is admirably in keeping with the attitude in which the subject should be approached by anyone luckless enough to be "let in" for a speech on copyright at, for instance, the annual banquet (if any) of the Publishers' Association. It would be obviously unfair to dwell upon the omissions from the selections from his lectures which Mr. Birrell has been induced to give to the world. His little volume does not pretend to be exhaustive even upon those branches of the subject with which it deals. He touches lightly and suggestively upon the origin of copyright, the first and other copyright statutes, perpetual copyright, literary larceny, and the "present situation," but he makes no attempt to settle any of the manyknotty points which arise, whether we regard copyright in the past, present, future, or *paullo post futurum* tense. This, let it be added, is stated not as a matter of complaint, but as a matter of fact. If Mr. Birrell had attempted anything of the kind, we fear that even his fund of cheerfulness would have deserted him. Copyright Law in its beginnings, in its past, and in its present, is not exactly a cheerful subject for contemplation. Nor is there any immediate reason to be hopeful of the future. Neither Parliament nor the Board of Trade has shown any alacrity to deal with the question at all, and to put it bluntly, they do not care two thraneens for the rights and the wrongs of the owners of literary property. The abiding belief, abundantly evidenced by parliamentary history, of most legislators is that all copyright owners are quasi-patentees whose privileges should be rigorously controlled. Parliament has never yet touched upon literary property without striking a more or less deadly blow at its foundations. Our legislators are enthusiastic enough in favour of a cheap literature, but they have never shown any anxiety that either the writers or vendors of it should be paid.

Mr. Birrell belongs, it appears, to the school which holds that the existence of a perpetual copyright at common law prior to the Act of Anne is "not proven." The question is nowadays one of purely academic interest. There is not the faintest prospect of perpetual copyright existing again outside of Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela. But it must be remarked that there is plenty of authority to support the belief that Parliament, when it was asked in 1709 to grant a summary remedy against pirates, took away a property unlimited in duration and incalculable in value from copyright owners, giving in exchange the bare advantages of a mechanical patentee. Mr. Birrell creates another kind of estate, "bookseller's copyright," as distinguished from an author's rights in his unpublished work. He differentiates between the interest in "Paradise Lost," which Milton's widow (not Milton, whose historic fifteen pounds was only an early instance of advance payments, representing as it did practically the royalties on two editions or 2,800 copies) sold to Samuel Simmons in 1674 for eight pounds, and the rights, which Simmons sold to Jacob Tonson the elder in 1680 for the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds. The distinction is somewhat fine, and since Tonson was able to get injunctions in 1730, and again in 1751, or seventy-one years later, restraining the piracy of the "immortal epic," the rights Mrs. Milton assigned were a very definite form of property even in those days. If she had reserved all her rights her granddaughter would not have been starving when they were worth a fortune, surely a cogent argument for perpetual copyright. Archbishop Tillotson's widow, who sold her rights in her husband's unpublished sermons on his death in 1695 for two thousand five hundred guineas, possessed a property tangible

* "Seven Lectures on the Law and History of Copyright in Books." By Augustine Birrell, M.P., one of Her Majesty's Counsel and Quain Professor at Law at University College, London. 3s. 6d. (Cassell and Co.)

enough to render its exact definition a work of supererogation. Moreover it must really be remarked that the chances of any author's production living for any but a limited period as an argument against perpetual copyright is an obvious *petitio principii*.

Mr. Birrell is severe upon the "blundering boobies who passed the Statute of Anne," and with perfect justice. But they must not be confused with the distressed authors and booksellers who petitioned for redress. The Bill was slaughtered in Committee in the Commons, whence instead of, as when committed, securing the property of copies for ever, it emerged vesting them for a couple of terms of fourteen years, obviously adopted from the Statute of Monopolies of James I., and thereby establishing a mischievous and ridiculous analogy between patent right and copyright, which still survives to vex the souls of careful students and to jeopardise the rights of all concerned in the usufruct of literary property.

Mr. Birrell's chapter on "Literary Larceny" is useful and timely, and it is to be hoped that some means will be found to safeguard the rights of authors over "abridgements." Lord Mansfield believed that the case of a piracy before publication never existed, but we have changed all that, and it would not, it might be suggested, be going too far to make the annexation of an author's unpublished work a felony. As things are, the Great Unpublished whose ideas are "lifted" can only "grin and bear it."

W. MORRIS COLLES.

MR. WATSON'S COLLECTED POMES.*

Mr. Watson has selected the poems he thinks most worthy, and given them to us in this volume. His choice must coincide very nearly with that which each of his many admirers would have made. Most of us are probably glad he has omitted "The Eloping Angels," but there will be a good deal of regret that "The Prince's Quest" does not appear. Some very trivial verses have been let in. The inclusion of "The New National Anthem" is amazing, and we could have done without some of the complimentary poems. "The Tomb of Burns" is of unrelieved respectability, and would not have been missed. But perhaps his supplementary rule in selection has been, something of everything.

It is too late and too soon to set down rigid judgments on Mr. Watson. His work up to the present time is easily known. No great barrier of new ideas, or of new ideals, or difficult or chaotic expression, stands between him and the reading public. He shares the general tastes and interests far more than do the other poets of his time. It is easy enough to sum him up just now, but your summary is sure to need revision ere long. No feature of his work is more marked than his growth, not in power of expression, but in grasp of ideas. He has wider horizons now, by moments, at least; though they are oftener obscured by cloud than they used to be. He is a poet of considerable achievement, who should have most of his work before him. What we owe him now is not judgment, but acknowledgment for what he has already done well. First, to his articulateness all praise—though this quality is not growing with the growth of thought. But his early success should keep an ideal before him, from which may he never swerve far, for in a limited sphere he has been a master. High praise is likewise due to him in that he is in nowise afraid of the obvious that is humanly interesting, or of the obviously serious. There is no superior air about him. He has made himself a real power by giving clear, melodious, vigorous voice to certain of the best ideas of the time. Tennyson in his greater degree only did the same.

From Photo by [*Fred Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, W.*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. WILLIAM WATSON.

In the "Apologia" he manfully defends his position, his themes, his temperament.

> And unto such as think all Art is cold,
> All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
> An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
> With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
> Be it enough to say, that in Man's life
> Is room for great emotions unbegot
> Of dalliance and embracement.

But neither that nor any other part of the Apologia describes his achievement, only his ideals. Mr. Watson is sometimes better than his ideals. "In Wordsworth's Grave" and "In Laleham Churchyard" he is following these, and it may be that they are so characteristic of his normal genius that his best work of the future will be on some such lines — better lines after all than those of the rhetorical "Lachrymæ Musarum." But it is the unexpected in Mr. Watson that delights. He has aspired to be the clear-voiced poet, the austere poet, the poet of international morality, and has nobly earned respect thereby. But now and again he has simply been the poet inevitable, with the gift of song. Let "Wordsworth's Grave" be accounted characteristic. The "Ode in May" cannot be a mere freak. For material it has only a thought profound yet quite common, joined to exaltation in the beauty of the earth. But it has true lyric force and verve. Not a full stream yet in Mr. Watson, this lyric one, perhaps, but the wells of it are within him.

> What is so sweet and dear
> As a prosperous morn in May,
> The confident prime of the day,
> And the dauntless youth of the year,
> When nothing that asks for bliss,
> Asking aright, is denied,
> And half of the world a bridegroom is,
> And half of the world a bride?

* "The Collected Poems of William Watson." 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

There is the exaltation. And for the thought—it is Pascal turned into verse, with the poetry nobly retained.

> We are children of splendour and fame,
> Of shuddering, also, and tears,
> Magnificent out of the dust we came,
> And abject from the spheres.

It is to these sudden, unexpected lyrical outbursts, welling up from sources so deep in him that he hardly knows their existence, and does not mention them in his "Apologia," that Mr Watson can most safely trust his memory.

THE APOLLONIUS STORY.*

Professor Smyth's monograph is the result of indefatigable research. "For ten years," he writes, "I have followed the story of Apollonius through the libraries of Europe, collating MSS., and examining *incunabula* from Copenhagen to Constantinople." A Greek romance, originally written by a Greek of the ancient faith—such is the author's conclusion—was translated by a Christian of the Latin half of the empire. More than one hundred manuscripts of the Latin Apollonius are known; the oldest is a Florentine codex of the ninth or tenth century; but references to the story lead to the inference that the Latin text was compiled between A.D. 400 and 500. The popularity of the tale was great; Professor Smyth traces it as it appears in the literatures of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Spain, France, Hungary, Greece, Russia, Bohemia; it remains—in fragmentary state—as our only Anglo-Saxon romance; a later English fragment is probably earlier than the version by Gower. The line of succession does not end with Twine's "Patterne of Painefull Adventures," the play of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," and the novel by George Wilkins (1608), for Lillo again handled Shakespeare's theme in his "Marina." Professor Smyth is of opinion that Shakespeare's part of "Pericles" (extended to five acts by Wilkins) was meant to be the beginning and the end of a play of "Marina." This admirably complete monograph closes with a reprint of the "Gesta Romanorum" text. EDWARD DOWDEN.

SUSAN FERRIER.†

Perhaps the best criticism of this substantial volume of 350 pages would be a recommendation to consider it as at once the complement and the elucidation of "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny." Story of the eventful kind Mr. John Ferrier has none to tell. Susan Ferrier was born in Edinburgh in 1782, and died in Edinburgh in 1854. She belonged to the "legal caste" of Edinburgh, her father being a Writer to the Signet, and like his (and her) friend Sir Walter Scott, a Clerk to the Court of Session. She represented in temperament and character the shrewdness of the typical Edinburgh man of her period, the kindliness, concealed under east-windy sarcasm, of such a typical Edinburgh woman as her own inimitable Mrs. Violet McShake, above all that curious note of "gentility" which has been the characteristic of Edinburgh ever since the Union left it a subordinate capital, but still a capital. (Was it not, by the way, ominous of the future that Macky in his "Characters of the Nobility of Scotland" should have been found describing "Union" Queensberry as of "genteel address, much the manner of a man of quality, of easy access, thin, of a black complexion, turned of forty-five years old"?—a portrait which looks like the photograph of an Edinburgh solicitor of to-day who has the future of a dozen "good families" in his tin boxes, and whose ancestors have been Writing to the Signet for two centuries?) Miss Ferrier occasionally found her way to the West of Scotland. Her father was "man of business" to the Duke of Argyll; her bosom friend for many years was Miss Clavering, the Duke's niece; so she knew Inverary and the beauties of the Gareloch. The Edinburgh contempt for Glasgow was ludicrously strong in her, however, and comes out deliciously in a letter to Miss Clavering written before the present century was ten years old. "What I've swallowed since I came to this region of smoke and vulgarity! the nauseous *civilities*, the surfeiting hospitalities, the excruciating acts of politeness. Oh! Miss Clavering, drop a tear to my woes! I can liken myself to nothing but a hapless fly (mayhap a wasp) that has fallen into a pot of old thick stinking honey, where it wriggles and struggles in vain to get free. By the blessed influence of a pair of post-horses, I hope to be emancipated to-morrow from this emporium of sweet civilities and tender assiduities." Susan Ferrier lived in and loved her Edinburgh. She lived with and loved her father; and, when he died, distributed her affection over a large circle of relatives, who mostly lived in Edinburgh, and included James Frederick Ferrier, the most brilliant of all Scottish metaphysicians. No romance came into her life, although in 1809 she confessed playfully to her friend Miss Clavering that she was "deeply and desperately in love" with the Irish orator Curran. "He had the cruelty to tell me he liked me, and then he left me. Had my eyes been worth a button they'd soon have settled the matter, but there's the misery of being sent into the world with such mussel shells!" Inspired to some extent by Miss Clavering—although the scheme of joint authorship fell through—she wrote "Marriage," and received £150 for it from the Blackwood of the period. It had a great success. Mackintosh was enraptured over it. Scott retired from the field of Scottish fiction in favour of his "sister shadow." She wrote "The Inheritance" for £1,000, and "Destiny" for £1,700. Then, having exhausted her vein of invention, perhaps even the treasures of her experience, and having become profoundly religious, she wrote no more. She probably acted wisely. She had done her part and fulfilled her mission, which was to give Scotland a female novelist fit to sit down without too much fear and trembling at the same table with Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth. She had created the three incomparable Aunts, Mrs. McShake, Lady Maclaughan—whom Mr. Saintsbury in one of his best pieces of criticism describes as "one of the strongest and most original characters that had yet found a home in English fiction"—Dr. Redgill, Lord Rossville, and above all Mr. McDow, the most detestable even of Moderate ministers. She was able with tactful tenderness to soothe some of the latest troubled days of

SUSAN FERRIER.
Reproduced from "Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.

* "Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: A Study in Comparative Literature." By Albert H. Smyth. (Philadelphia: MacCalla and Co., 1898.)

† "Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier (1782-1854), based on private correspondence in the possession of and collected by her grand-nephew, John Ferrier." Edited by John A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. 18s. (London: John Murray.)

Sir Walter Scott, struggling heroically with fate. What more or better could Destiny have had in store for Susan Ferrier?

Mr. John Ferrier, son of the metaphysician, has, with the most efficient help of Mr. John A. Doyle, discharged his duty by his grand-aunt in the best possible way, by saying as little for himself and allowing his aunt to speak for herself in her letters to friends and relatives. His links of narrative are few and slender; his explanatory notes are neither too numerous nor too brief; his judgments on features in Miss Ferrier's character are not too emphatic, although he does say that "a deep sense of religion, of the overwhelming importance of man's spiritual nature, ran through her life." Her letters, which are full of playfulness, are not devoid of artistic malice. Here is a certain Madame Worm. "She dined here one day with the Henry Davidsons, a most heavy handful. She was in one of her vicious moods; she's a sweet *crater*. We're to dine there to-morrow, it seems, which I'm sorry for; but she has a red-haired cousin staying with her, which saves the *misery* of a *tête-a-tête*." This volume abounds with thumb-nail sketches like this, and hence its great (I may say its unique) value both as a picture of Scottish society in the first half of the century, drawn by a genuine though not malignant realist, and—as I have already said—the complement to "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE POETRY OF THE FINNS.*

No more scholarly and able work has been produced for many years than Mr. Abercromby's great undertaking. One stands amazed before so much erudition, and still more before such evidence of tireless research, patient study, and scientific loyalty. These two volumes now added to the Grimm Library will not only be welcome to all who support that admirable series, to all who are interested in primitive mythology and folklore, but literally are indispensable to the student of Northern folklore and mythology in general, and of that of the Finno-Ugrian or Altaic peoples in particular.

Mr. Abercromby gives, what Signor Comparetti (or his translator) does not, both an index and (what is of real moment in works of this kind) an alphabetical list of authorities. To judge from this, he seems to have studied nearly every important authority. I notice, however, two omissions where one would expect entries; for "Comparetti" does not appear among "books consulted or referred to," nor have I noted any allusion to "La Magie chez les Finnois" of Mons. E. Beauvois (part III. of which, moreover, deals with the "Chants magiques"). Again, though another book of Ujfalvy de Mezö-Kövesd is specified, there is no mention of the suggestive and interesting "Mélanges Altaïques" of that eminent Magyar scholar. A more surprising instance is the absence of mention of Mr. Kirby's notable and scholarly work in Esthonian folklore. But these, so far as I can judge, are the only omissions which a specialist might take for granted would not occur.

When Mr. Abercromby alludes to the ignorance of the Finnish nation and its literary expression, prevalent among us, he does not exceed fact. They are few, probably, who know that the Finno-Ugrian (or as some French and other foreign scholars prefer to say, Altaic) race comprises peoples so wide apart as the Lapps and the Magyars. But besides the Finns proper and their Lapp and Esthonian kindred, and the more mixed races in Courland and Livonia, there are other small nationalities in Central and Northern Russia, such as the Erza and Moksa Mordvins, the Ceremis, Votiaks, Permians, and Zirians. From the folklore of these, from all sources open to him, Mr. Abercromby has gleaned assiduously and with patient and honourable labour. For the first five chapters of his first volume he has "with the aid of craniology, archæology, ethnography, and philology" brought up to date and told as succinctly as possible the pre- and proto-historic history of the Eastern and Western Finns in the long stages of evolution from neolithic times to the middle ages. Students will find chapters six and seven of great service to easier understanding of the Magic Songs in the second volume, comprising as it does an analysis of the beliefs of the Western Finns. The extremely interesting second volume is mainly a translation of a very large portion of the "Suomen kansan muinaisia Loitsurunoja," edited and published in 1880 by the celebrated Dr. Lönnrot of "Kalevala" fame. Here there are 639 "magical" songs (incantations, charms, prayers, and the like), some of considerable length, and classed under no fewer than 233 headings.

The more one reads below the lines in ancient Gaelic legendary lore, in the old Mabinogion, in the English, Breton, and Scottish Arthurian legends, in the Scandinavian Sagas, in the great Teutonic cycle, in the Finnish "Kalevala" and the Esthonian "Kalipoeg," the more one is likely to become convinced that in this mass of ancient mythology and saga-lore we confront, not as it were a series of myths of different genus, but mere variations. In a word, if there is not a common origin, a fount where every Aryan race drank deep before its long and soon intricately involved migrations, there would seem to be an inward and unchangeable Primitive genius which constructs beautiful and symbolic mythologies, and invents heroic legend, identical in essence though continuously modified and coloured by racial idiosyncrasy, climate, circumstances, and environment—a genius which we may some day recognise as fundamental, although to-day we have to apprehend it now through the Asiatic, now through the Hellene, now through the Iberian, now through the Scandinavian, the Breton or Kymric Celt, the Gael—and, for all that he is not of the great Aryan branch, through the Finn and his racial kindred.

I recall an anecdote told me by an eminent student of Comparative Mythology. He had long been familiar with Celtic saga and mythology; he had recently worked his patient way through the literature of Scandinavian saga and mythology; and more lately had made a study of the "Kalevala." "My circumstances then allowed me no option but to take up engrossing work of another kind—and I have never been able to pursue further my old studies; and this I regret the more, because, when I look back, I seem to see Cuculain and Vainamoinen hunting together as good comrades, now among the Finnish lakes, now among the green hills of Ireland; and see Partholan and Nemed and Hêrêmon wandering to and fro with the Scandinavian gods; and find Pan and Apollo and Balder and Lu and Angus, and Neptune and Manannan and St. Michael and the Old Man of the Sea, and Fionn and Arthur and Merlin, all hopelessly confused with one another, and appearing now in Ireland, now in Scotland, now in Finland, now in Greece, now anywhere and everywhere." But in his half-humorous statement, inexplicit and even fantastic as it is, there is that which makes for conviction.

Take a single instance; that, for example, which may be called the folklore of the Meeting Boughs (over the grave of devoted lovers). We may find variants, all fundamentally identical, not only in the folk-ballads and folk-legends of Gaelic and Lowland Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England, Brittany, and of Germany and all the Scandinavian countries, but of Portugal, Provence, Roumania, Servia, Hungary, Finland, and doubtless of almost all nations—among them, certainly, peoples so remote from us as the Kurds and the Afghans.

The subject is too large to be more than touched upon here. The reader must be referred to the invaluable volumes of Mr. Abercromby.

The translation of Signor Comparetti's important and fascinating book is a model of its kind. It stands the great test, absolute faithfulness with a style so lucid and idiomatic that no reader could discover that the English was not original, but a translation. In his treatment of the subject of the traditional poetry of the Finns, of the "Divine Myth," the "Heroic Myth," and in particular of the "Rune," as well as in his illuminative epitome and exposition of the "Kalevala," Comparetti's masterly treatise is of singular interest.

With these books, and one or two others, English and foreign, the would-be student will find himself equipped in no slight degree for one of the most arduous, if one of the most fascinating of mental voyages of exploration. FIONA MACLEOD.

* "The Pre- and Proto-Historic Finns: with the Magic Songs of the West Finns." By the Hon. J. Abercromby. In 2 vols. 21s. net. The Grimm Library. (D. Nutt.)

"The Traditional Poetry of the Finns." By Domenico Comparetti. Trans. by Isabella Anderton. 16s. (Longmans.)

WEST AFRICAN STUDIES.*

Miss Kingsley's "Studies" are every whit as amusing and instructive as her "Travels" in West Africa. She makes a pretence of apologising for her style. "I am not proud of my

* "West African Studies." By Mary H. Kingsley. With Illustrations and Maps. 21s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

imperfections in English. I would write better if I could, but I cannot." Nothing worse could befall her than an improvement in style. Her racy, sometimes even slangy English is part of herself, and were she draped in all the decorum of Newman or the gorgeous trappings of Ruskin, she would appear as grotesque as one of her own chiefs tricked out in the garb of a European monarch. She appears most characteristically in her first chapter, which, she tells us, was crowded out of the previous volume, and is the perfection of bright and humorous description. But Miss Kingsley does not mean her book to be accepted as a mere series of brilliant and amusing sketches; she has opinions on all that concerns West Africa, and she writes primarily that these opinions may be ventilated.

Strangely enough, she considers that her chapters on "Fetish" are the most important in the book. The others, she assures us, are merely subsidiary to this, and help towards its understanding. By "Fetish" Miss Kingsley means not what Tylor and other authorities understand by it, the idea that spirits embody themselves in material objects and use them to influence men. She gives it a wider comprehensiveness, and includes

MISS MARY KINGSLEY.

under it the entire West African religion; a religion which springs from a belief in an infinite number of unembodied spirits. This form of belief Miss Kingsley identifies as the germ out of which is at length evolved the pantheism of Spinoza, of which she professes herself an adherent. And no doubt the West African and Spinoza have this in common, that they consider the whole of the physical world to be interfused with spirit. Perhaps were Miss Kingsley to widen her view of nature as much as she has stretched the meaning of "Fetish," she would approximate to the Christian position. But it is a tribute to her power of sympathy that she has so thoroughly entered into the attitude of mind of her Africans as to be able to say that she does not either believe or disbelieve in Fetish; and certainly the student of the science of religion will find in her record of facts and beliefs much accurate observation and some suggestions which must be taken account of in any history of the evolution of belief.

But Miss Kingsley appeals to a wider circle in her remarks on the natural products, the commerce, and the government of our West African possessions. These remarks will command attention. They are made by one who has looked at things with her own eyes, and who, behind these eyes, has a penetrating, open, and courageous mind. Everyone knows the unhealthiness of West Africa; perhaps few beyond the mercantile class of our community appreciate its inexhaustible resources. The climate forbids colonizing. The problem is, how to turn the wealth of the country to such account that it will enable multitudes of English people to live comfortably at home, superior to the need of colonizing. Obviously, in order to secure this desirable end, right relations with the native are of paramount importance. On the native we depend, and must always depend, for the gold, ivory, timber, oil, and rubber which his country so abundantly produces. Now Miss Kingsley is not satisfied with the Chartered Company system—although she lauds the Royal Niger Company for its honourable, just, and successful administration—still less does she approve the Crown Colony system. The defects of these systems she exposes lucidly and effectively. Nor does she hesitate to lay down the lines of what she considers a more efficient form of administering such regions. What her plan is, it must be left to those interested to learn from her own book. Her strictures are severe, but never bitter. She uses strong language both of statesmen and of missionaries; but she is also generous to the latter, and probably would be more so, were industrial missions more numerous, and had her evolutionary principles prompted her to remember that a thousand years are but a beat of the pendulum in nature's processes and in all divine and lasting works.

MARCUS DODS.

BJORNSON'S NEW PLAY.*

Here is a play of the deepest human interest, and none the less so that it makes a very unpopular appeal. It will move some hearts intensely, and in the direction which it desires; it will move many to pity, but most of them will acquiesce, without too much revolt, in Lange's fate. Sometimes there are hard things to be said about Björnson's treatment of great subjects. When he deals with love idyllically, he is always charming; when he deals with it otherwise he is often morbid and brutal. Here he has, for him, a much safer theme. The love-story is a notable incident, but psychologically it has no importance at all. Within the field of politics the drama is played that tests and reveals a man's limits of strength and his temperament.

Lange is a prominent member of the progressive party, from whom much is expected by the best people in the country. He has had a tremendous struggle to attain his position, shaky toough that is. He has been treacherously used by his old official chief. Dark hints are given of past moments of despair in which he nearly succumbed. He is on the point of resigning to wait for better times, when the king sends a messenger with a request in one hand, and what his enemies are sure to call a bribe in the other. He can honourably accede to the first and accept the second. If he will say a word for his old chief, who has betrayed him, but against whom he feels no special ill will, he will probably prevent a vote of want of confidence being passed. Then the post of minister in London will be his. The atmosphere of London is congenial to him. He is a man who could make use of such an opportunity. He consents. Then comes his good friend, a political idealist, Arne Kraft (Björnson himself, they say), and warns him in the name of all that is sacred in his creed to do nothing of the sort. In Kraft's appeal he reads the truth, that his political allies, good and bad, will turn and rend him if he supports the old man. He promises to abstain from voting—against his instincts, be it said; for though Kraft may represent the more ideal position, he is unduly forcing Lange's nature, and likewise playing on his fears. Then Tora, an able, generous, strong-natured, and wealthy woman, whom he has long loved, and who has just accepted him, throws herself into the scale against Kraft.

"I do not like these public humiliations," she says. "I do not believe that anything is gained by them. To the front with the new ideas! That is the chief thing."

So says Lange, too, and as a result he speaks a good word for the old chief, to save him from bitterness in the evening of his days. Now it is in accordance with a minor purpose of the play, but not an unimportant one, that Björnson leaves Lange's motives as vague as they probably were to Lange himself. If ambition, if fear, if the influence of love, if vacillation entered into his action—and how much, if any, of these, is left extremely doubtful. What is made clear is that Lange was through everything a high-minded and sincere politician, capable of self-sacrifice. So, when he is hounded to death by his allies after the vote he has given, it is left equally doubtful how far malice and envy, and how far purity and austere political morality, spoke through their angry voices. The web of politics is strangely mixed. Not even a dramatist, thinks Björnson, has the right to pronounce a final judgment—though a politician might do so. The attacks on him are more ferocious than could have been foreseen. He is declared a traitor, bribed to sell his party, and he feels he can never make way against the fierce hostility.

* "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg." By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Braekstad. 5s. (Harpers.)

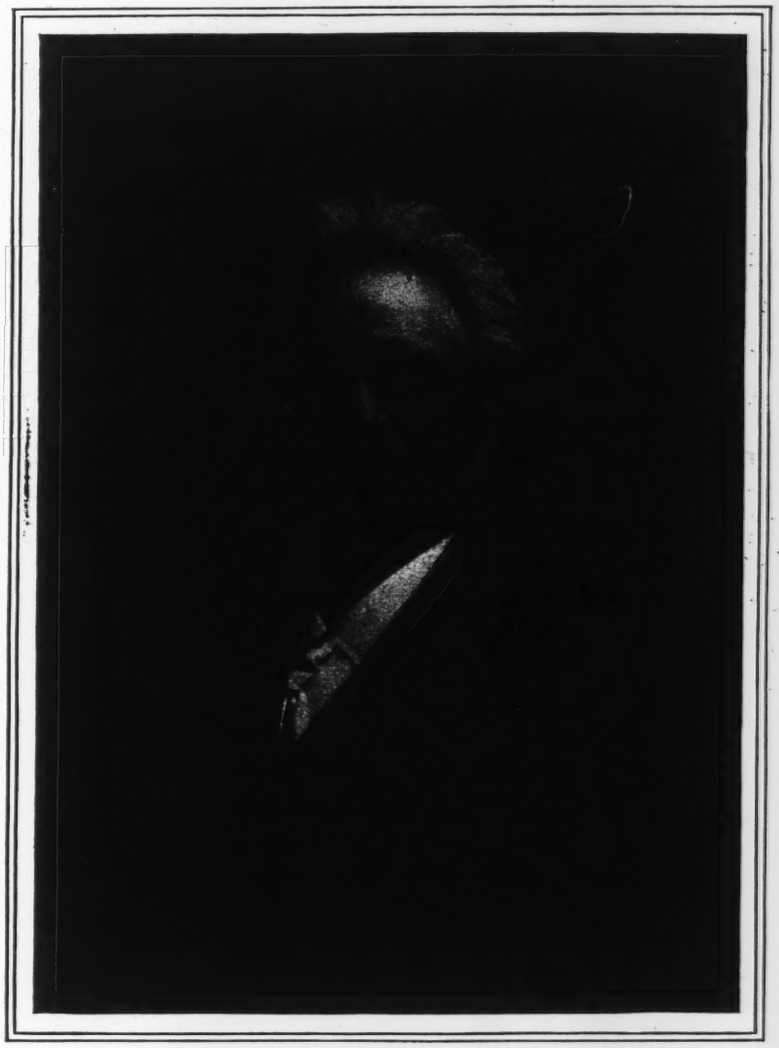
Death seems the only way out; when Tora comes to him with her faith, her generosity, her courage, and shows him there is still a future. If we were criticising Tora's conduct, we should ask, why did she insist on his escaping? Why did she not insist rather on his stopping and facing the worst with her? But we are looking at a bit of real life; and her attitude was certainly a very natural one. She leaves him only for a little hour to make the necessary preparations for their escape out of the immediate muddle. But it is too long. In the interval he learns that his enemies have been busy, that the king has not been able to stand against the current of public opinion, that he has been passed over in the ambassadorship, that he is disgraced. Probably the idea of allowing Tora to share complete disgrace was loathsome to him, but that is not his chief reason for destroying himself. His reason is the motive of the play.

Lange will be judged by most as the weak man who must inevitably go down in the battle, no matter how noble his mind. "Oh, why must it be that good men are so often martyrs?" cries Tora. "Shall we never see the day when they become our leaders?" In her mouth it is a cry for civilisation. Public life to a man of Lange's temperament is a state of savagery. Then he should get out of it, whatever his talents, however devoted he be to the public service—that is the general verdict. I believe nine-tenths of even gentle-minded people believe that a thick skin is the final test of fitness for the contest, and so long as they think so, events will lamentably justify their belief. Lange thought so, of course. The victim acquiesces in such a case. From his mouth you only hear the utterance of his past sufferings, and his agreement with the general voice that, as old Storm puts it, "In politics . . . everything ought to ring with the healthy sound of a bull's bellow." "There is not a spot upon me," cries Lange, "that has not its wound!—If all these open sores could only speak out!" Then he declaims against his early dependence, which, warring with his instincts, made him his present sensitive, conscience-tortured self. "One who has been early cowed has a peculiar, magnetic, tremulous sense of what shame is." And he confesses that when, amid the turmoil of disgrace, his lady claimed him proudly, his sense of shame was greater than his joy. "It is not weak men like me who carry things through successfully." So he acquiesces. Not so the woman. She speaks the language of another time.

"You compared yourself with those who put the frame round society or kept the frame together. . . . You did wrong in that, my friend! Society to-day has other aims and must have other men." Men who doubt themselves "burrow down to the blackest, most hidden depths in quest of their true selves. You cannot purchase great things cheaper. . . . So sensitive, so thin-skinned must those be who are to discover that others suffer, and that there is danger at hand—they must be timid and frail in themselves. To bear the healing balm the weaker vessels are chosen, not the iron kettles. They must not be weighted with selfishness, and therefore they are often weak. . . . Charity goes about and feels the hands to see whether the skin is sufficiently sensitive. Only to those who possess it are entrusted the great initiatives."

By this, with the full recognition of his lion-like qualities when actually in face of the foe, and his perfect disinterestedness, she bears him up, and then gives him the title of strong man—

"The strongest are those who are in league with the future. . . . We remember it, we women. Not those who eat, sleep, and keep themselves on show, but those in whom the instinct of the race is strongest. The future lies in their yearnings, as the statue lies in the marble."



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON.

Her words are for the future when we are civilised. Paul had to live in the present. He quailed; he threw off the coil; he fell by his own hand, because he accepted, in spite of Tora's prophecy, his enemies' verdict that he was weak.

We have said nothing yet of the thing as a piece of literature, or as a play. It is workmanlike, it is vigorous. But it is so much a bit of real life selected for the stage rather than adapted for it, that we are never diverted from the theme and from the question it embodies. When will public life, nay, all practical life, allow itself to be served by devotion and intellect and a sensitive conscience? When will it cease to respect thick-skinned selfishness and brute force? When will it be civilised? What chance for Tora's hopes? A. M.

THE STORY OF SALADIN.*

Englishmen still learn their history from Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. Everyone has heard of Saladin; most of us would acknowledge that all they can remember about that "very perfect gentle knight" and his exploits is derived from "The Talisman," which depicts him in brilliant if somewhat legendary colours. The life now published by Mr. Lane-Poole in an excellent series—American, one is glad to observe,—called "Heroes of the Nations," is actually the first ever drawn up from authentic sources and given in English, as a true account of the man, certified in every line by references at once contemporary and critical. It is a sound piece of work; the story well told, with touches now and again of the picturesque, and a swing in the movement which carries us forward pleasantly to the end. Mr. Lane-Poole needs no commendation where his subject happens to be taken from the East, and his scenes are laid in Cairo, Damascus, Acre, and Jerusalem. He owns a debt to Mr. T. A. Archer, from whose delightful pages on "The

* "Saladin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem." By Stanley Lane-Poole. 5s. (Putnams.)

Crusade of King Richard I." he often borrows; and Mr. Oman's "Art of War" furnishes him with military suggestions, of which admirable use is made. But the book remains an original composition, strong in its display of knowledge won at first hand, as well as attractive in its outward presentment, with maps, genealogies, and a crowd of illustrations, to which is wanting—and who will not join in the author's regret?—a portrait of Saladin himself, such as the Moslems were forbidden to draw but a Christian artist might have snatched before the walls of Acre.

Mr. Lane-Poole writes from the Mohammedan point of view. I do not mean to say that he is more than half a Turk; and as I can quite enter into the mood which fascinates him, I am not going to call the eulogist of Saladin a renegade. I believe that he keeps back nothing, and he has set down naught in malice, if it be not malicious always to paint his Christians in black, while the children of Islam are adorned with "every virtue under heaven." "The students of the Crusades do not need to told," says he, "that in this struggle the virtues of civilisation, magnanimity, toleration, real chivalry, and gentle culture were all on the side of the Saracens." In this tender and admiring key is the tone set to which Saladin's romantic deeds are chanted. We remember, and it gives us consolation, that the Chevalier Bayard of the Saracens had other than Ishmaelite blood in his veins; that he was by descent a Kurd, that is to say, a sort of Aryan, and so, after all, a man of our breed and very far off cousin to King Richard himself. Nor was he the philosophic monarch, enlightened or indifferent, dear to Lessing, who has brought him down to the eighteenth century in "Nathan der Weise." Saladin had the qualities, good and bad, of a Moslem saint; ascetic, detached, generous, resolute in fasting and prayer, devout to the Koran, a simple orthodox believer, he would endure no heresies in his neighbourhood, and when es-Suhrawardy preached the Sufi doctrines, this Defender of the Faith at once cut off his head. He spared many Christian captives; but he never gave quarter to the religious Knights of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem. Them he sent down straight to the Mohammedan Hell, exercising upon them all the rigours of a Holy War. He went so far as to dream of conquering all the kingdoms of the West and subduing their peoples to Islam. The Crusaders who fought him at Acre and along the coast of Palestine did, therefore, we may presume, check an advance which threatened the whole of Christendom with ruin. If Jerusalem was lost, Europe was saved. And, after all, civilisation is not exactly Mohammedan, although Normans, French, and Germans, in the twelfth century, were little better than barbarians in mind and manners.

Judgment, therefore, and a wider philosophic outlook, Mr. Lane Poole might have exhibited, without lessening the greatness of Saladin. He is very happy in showing us the student turned soldier, the quiet genius of "Yusuf son of Ayyub," developing under storm and stress, till he that seemed to be made for a cloister becomes a general, inured to marches, sieges, and the shock of arms, though himself not wielding the sword—in this a contrast to the Lionheart whose rashness he blamed—but facing death between the armies set in array, and living for his people's happiness. When he died at Damascus in 1193, at the age of fifty-five, he was the greatest of Moslem kings; he had taken Jerusalem, brought the Latin monarchy to an end, driven back the Third Crusade, built a new Cairo, and given to the legends of chivalry a figure that will never pass away. Yet he was so poor that "the money for his burial had to be borrowed, even to the straw for the bricks that made the grave," and "the ceremony was as simple as a pauper's funeral." He had been consecrated by Humphrey of Toron a Christian knight, and, it would seem, baptised on that occasion—a singular, almost an incredible story, if there were not good evidence for it. We may style him the Saint Louis of Islam; it is well that at last he has found a biographer among Westerns, who kindles our sympathies and extorts our admiration for one so charmingly adorned with all that is best in the Oriental and the Mohammedan.

WILLIAM BARRY.

SIR JOHN COPE.*

This is an interesting piece of special pleading, and an addition to the already formidable literature which would seem to prove that the true history of the "Forty Five" has yet to be written. Otherwise it cannot be considered of very great historical value. Sir John Cope is generally regarded as, with the possible exception of General Mack, the dullest and most incompetent commander that ever suffered military humiliation. He would probably have been forgotten long ago had not his famous "surprise" at Prestonpans been immortalised in a song the sprightliness of which has almost raised it from the rank of doggerel into the rank of poetry. For that "surprise," and for, at the period of the Jacobite Rising, having marched into the Highlands, leaving the Lowlands defenceless, he was tried, and practically all that the late General Cadell does in this monograph—the proofs of which, by the way, ought to have been revised with more care by his literary executors—is to repeat the case for the defendant. The General is a very enthusiastic advocate, and to a certain extent his book is justifiable as being a protest against the "terms of unalloyed and unjust ferocity" in which, as he says, "modern writers of high standing have dealt with Cope's character." It may be allowed in addition that he scores at least one good point. He seems to make it clear that Cope *did* sleep on the field before the battle of Prestonpans, and not at a safe distance. Cope's personal courage may be considered to be no longer in dispute. Yet General Cadell certainly does not dispose of other, and from the military point of view equally serious charges, such as that Cope's dispositions before the battle of Prestonpans were conventional to a positively wooden extent, and that his march into the Highlands at the beginning of the Rising was a marvellous piece of ineptitude on the part of the leading General in a campaign. He seems to have had none of that Napoleonic alertness, or that Wellingtonian "stiffness of the upper lip," either of which is demanded of a really great commander when he is confronted by an emergency. As soon as, on marching as far north as Dalwhinnie in the vain hope of nipping the Rebellion in the bud, he found hostile clansmen swarming on all sides of his army, he seems to have made his way to the sea. General Cadell cannot disprove the all but universal belief that Cope's march rendered Edinburgh defenceless against Prince Charles. All that he can do is to throw out the hint that Stewart, the Lord Provost of the capital, was little better than a scoundrel, and that General Guest, the Governor of the Castle, was in reality a Jacobite. These charges cannot be said to have been made good. Nor does General Cadell's attack upon Colonel Gardiner, who on the spiritual side has often been regarded as one of the heroes of the British army, seem to be justified by anything in the shape of indisputable facts, or indeed by anything but prejudice. There is, of course, evidence to the effect that before the battle of Prestonpans the Colonel was in a mentally depressed condition, as is often the case with men who are endeavouring to lead an earnestly religious life. But that he was deficient in moral courage or communicated his own depression to the men under his command, there is absolutely no evidence whatever. It is rather to be regretted that General Cadell should have endeavoured to insist upon matters of this kind, or that what may be termed his "neo-Whiggery" should have induced him to make charges of cowardice and drinking against Prince Charles. These are irrelevant at the best, even if they had been proved to be accurate, which is more than doubtful. Altogether, the best things in this book from the standpoint of the historian of the future are the accounts which are given of Cope's marching and counter-marching, and the narrative of the battle of Prestonpans.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745." By the late General Sir Robert Cadell, K.C.B. 10s. 6d. (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1899.)

PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S UNIVERSITY ADDRESSES.*

This volume of University Addresses is an appropriate memorial of the author. In many ways Dr. Caird was an ideal head for a Scottish University. With less than the speculative power of his brother, and with no pre-eminent distinction in learning or science, he was yet a man of noble intellectual, and still nobler and rarer moral qualities. He was sensitive to all kinds of knowledge and to their unity, interested in art and science, in philosophy and history; and he knew—which was a cardinal virtue in his position—how to speak of them to students. The addresses which he delivered at the opening of the University from year to year will recall to many an old *alumnus* of Glasgow not only a style of thinking, but a style of oratory peculiarly adapted to the audience immediately addressed. Dr. Caird never discoursed on trivial subjects, and is

* "University Addresses." By Principal Caird. 6s. (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

never poor in thought; sometimes, as in the Study of Art and the Progressiveness of Art, he is fresh and full of insight. But the addresses make no impossible demand on the attention. They were meant to be spoken, not read, and in the one on the art of public speaking, Dr. Caird has himself shown that he knew thoroughly what this involved. For the audience he had in view it involved the production of something at once philosophical and rhetorical, or to use the Platonic words which inevitably suggest themselves as one recalls the scene, something at once dialectic and epideictic; there is more than the appearance of thinking, and there is the reality of display; there is an orderly process of argument, and a restrained and dignified yet palpable peroration; it is an experienced combination of these two that hits ingenuous youth between wind and water, and sets a new session afloat on cheers. Yet this is less than fair to speeches the manly earnestness of which is among their most charming qualities; and the University may wait long for another head to represent it on public occasions with the intellectual and moral dignity of the late Principal.

(In the address on the Study of Art, there are some slips in the printing. On p. 285 "repulse" should be "impulse." On p. 289, for "morality of religion," read "morality or religion." On p. 293, "There are better sermons in stones and books and in the running brooks, etc.": some correction is wanting here. On p. 299 also, the sentence beginning "And in like manner" has got entangled somehow in a way which leaves no meaning.)

JAMES DENNEY.

THE HEATHER FIELD.*

A recent controversy has given a prominence to these plays with which their own merits or demerits have nothing to do. The controversy took its rise from the Introduction Mr. George Moore unfortunately wrote for the volume, an Introduction which only dealt casually with Mr. Martyn's work, and which otherwise is a monument of preposterous criticism and bad taste.

The two plays did not need any sensational aid to win the attention that is their due. They are notable, but not for their literary quality. They are genuinely poetical, and that is always notable. They are not poetry. The poetry in them has been given utterance by a man of sentiment, who is not a master of language, save at very rare moments. But he is nearer being a poet than a clever man of letters. His ordinary style is inflexible and even a little prim. Of his stage-craft it is not my business to speak, but I think he has learnt his trade well enough to keep the attention of the few who would be attracted by his matter. Both plays move one with a sense of deep feeling stirring beneath them, of a deep love for the things of the spirit and for beauty. Such intentions as his will always win sympathy and admiration in the right direction; but they cannot by themselves make literature.

"The Heather Field" has a rich, a magnificent idea working in it. No one but a poet by nature could have conceived it. If only the poet had been served by the handmaid, Art! An idealist, wrenched from his books and studies, driven to practical matters, spends his life and fortune on reclaiming the wild. When he has spent his all—his money, his wife's love, his tenants' patience—then, in the midst of his extravagant hopes, the untamable, the inconquerable heather springs up again. The shadow of insanity suddenly shuts out the actual world from him, and he beholds joy and beauty once more. One is torn between admiration of the idea and disappointment for the treatment it has received—careful, intelligent treatment, nevertheless, but not adequate to the motive. You try to forget Mr. Martyn's circumstance as much as possible, if you are possessed by the idea.

With "Maeve" it is different. The story lies half in the world of faërie and half in the world of men. It should be the more difficult to treat; but it is not so for Mr. Martyn. In "The Heather Field" he could not make the idea pervade the atmosphere, which remained cold and commonplace. But in "Maeve" the things of the spirit are not merely in the background. They are brought on the stage, and Mr. Martyn lets himself go more easily, when he has them well in sight. When he does let himself go, the stream is by no means all pure poetry, but there are gleams of the real water of life in it. Hear Maeve's vision on the moun'ain. "And I looked and saw him who was beauty standing by the round tower. With a feeling of nothingness, I fell upon my knees and bent down to the earth. When I looked again he was not there. Then a company of ancient Celts bore a covered form upon their shoulders; while a choir of rose-crowned boys sang dirges with violet voices of frail, lace-like beauty. And they buried their dead one by the round tower, and over his grave they raised a great ogham stone. And again I heard the voice of the Queen: 'They have buried thy dead beauty, Princess. Thou hast killed him, deserting thy chosen way of life; for there are no more who live for beauty.'" That is Mr. Martyn's most articulately poetic moment. But the whole story of Maeve, the maiden betrothed to an earthly lover, dying because she is exiled from beauty, quivers through the imagination, and dwells there hauntingly. Maeve is no shadow. I would attest her reality against any of the lustier maidens of legend or song. But whomsoever she thrills with her moonlight loveliness must cry out. Prose is a sorry garment to hang on her beauty. Maeve is compact of poetry, and of that poetry that is wedded to verse in an eternal, inevitable union.

A. M.

MR. EDWARD MARTYN.

From a pencil drawing by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, reproduced by kind permission of Lady Gregory.

* "The Heather Field and Maeve." By Edward Martyn. With an Introduction by George Moore. 5s. (Duckworth.)

MARYSIENKA.*

The preface to M. Waliszewski's latest book contains his literary manifesto. He has always acted on the principle it embodies; but it is convenient to have it expressed by himself. He thinks present-day historians are on a wrong tack. They

* "Marysienka." By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. With a Portrait. 12s. (Heinemann.)

are not much more accurate than those of past times, and they are generally quite unreadable. "The endeavour to assimilate our knowledge, and the certainties we may draw therefrom, to the knowledge and the certainties of physical and chemical science, has always appeared to me a rash and hopeless undertaking." When you have ransacked every available document you cannot be sure of arriving at the kind of truth which an astronomer is bound to arrive at if he knows his business. "Historical truth seems to me to depend far more on intuition than on actual study, and therefore I am tempted to say of my profession what the great modern German has said of his, 'It is more of an art than a science.'" M. Waliszewski is a strenuous document hunter, an eager searcher among archives "as dusty as could be desired." But he is an artist. He might have been a great novelist; and believing as we do in the principle of his manifesto, we can pay him as historian no higher compliment. Military plans and political documents are as empty chaff to the historian unless he is a shrewd and profound student of human nature.

In his "Peter" and his "Catherine" we accepted all his labours of research and art as due to their great subjects. Was it worth his while to plod through all the archives of Chantilly and elsewhere to write his latest book? Were its heroine alone concerned we should say frankly, no. To track her history must have cost endless trouble, and at no moment does she inspire any interest at all. Marie de la Grange d'Arquen, daughter of a not very reputable or high-placed French gentleman, came to Poland when a child in the train of Marie de Gonzague, who was twice Queen, as wife of Ladislas and of John Casimir. The little maid of honour and favourite married first a wealthy nobleman, Zamoyski, and afterwards the great Sobieski, and thus reigned over the country to which she had come as a mere waif. She was the grandmother of the beautiful Clementine, who married our Pretender. Marie d'Arquen was also beautiful; so much good can be said of her. M. Waliszewski seems to have been so much amused following her plots and tricks, and trying to discover the capricious motives that worked in her, that he has grown tolerant, though he has no illusions. But to the general reader she must seem a woman of no intellect at all, of the meanest character, shamelessly greedy, and of a vile temper. There is no sign of her possessing the most ordinary capacities. All her schemes failed. She lost every friend; neither as wife, nor mistress, nor mother, nor sister, nor queen, nor intriguer was her conduct either creditable or even interesting. For her sake it would be well nigh impossible to read the volume.

But Marysienka had the luck to have an impassioned lover in her husband John Sobieski. Half the attraction of the book consists of his strange love-story and the fresh study of his personality. Were ever such letters as his written before? Modelled on the language of Scudéry they yet burn with living fire. He was tricked, flouted, insulted, a thousand times; a thousand times he returned. Even after he discovered the iciness, the perfidy of his wife, he forgave, he hoped; he expected a miracle where Marysienka was concerned. Not an immaculate husband, but one of the great lovers of history was Sobieski. In love and in war he was Poland incarnate—endlessly heroic, feverishly ardent, ready for death at any moment, and incapable of reaping any lasting advantages from all his efforts. And this not merely from disinterestedness; indolence, lack of restraint, lack of consecutive plans, were causes, too. What remains of the book is deeply painful; for it is the tale of Poland on the brink of the abyss, from which no national hero could save her—the victim of all her great neighbours and in the pay of each, a hot-bed of intrigue, bribery, treachery. Anarchy was everywhere. French and German gold was begged and filched and scattered. Shameful bargains were entered into, and none at all were kept. It is a story indescribably complex. We thread a labyrinth under M. Waliszewski's guidance, but our brains reel with the winding of the ways—such shabby, sordid ways! And with inexhaustible heroism and nobility waiting and wasted the while. This historian, and he is a Pole by birth, will have it no nationality could now be hoped for. Again and again he paints the grandeur and the impossibleness of his people. "Complex beings, these Polish nobles! their feet planted in a sea of mud, their heads reared haughtily, and they themselves capable of soaring to the very heights in some sudden ecstasy, which no man might foresee, of heroism and faith." Once more, "These Polish nobles, with their careless independence and haughty pride—the pride of citizens who had called a second Roman Republic into life, who swayed a shadowy sovereign and a herd of slavish serfs, mere beasts of burden—were altogether too splendid, too easy-going for this work-a-day world." And still again, "Poland was fated by heaven to live on heroism, and to die of it." The saviour of Vienna could not save his own land. And for himself—even but a little time after his triumph before the eyes of all Europe, he gave up everything noble and dignified, almost his humanity, and hid behind the bushes of his park, if someone came on urgent business to their king.

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMOIRS.*

There was no great point in calling the two previous volumes of Lord Selborne's memoirs "Family and Personal," and these "Personal and Political." He was a politician before 1865, and a family man after. No doubt if these had been called Volumes III. and IV., they would have sounded more voluminous. Prolixity in fact is the patent fault of this work of nearly 2,000 pages. If the author had been a literary genius or a born historian, he might have doubled or trebled them to our delight, for he had seen and taken his share in forty years of history. But he was neither. Long years of forensic practice had given him a style, clear, polished, measured, and copious, which he never varies. From first to last he flows on "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." He never surprises us by sudden transitions, whimsical turns, or lively sallies; and some will perhaps wish that his style were just now and then less correct than himself. Yet I cannot agree with the strictures which have been passed on his verbosity. It is evidently the survival of an oratorical habit, the use of correct and well-sounding but superfluous and pointless clauses and sentences to give the speaker and audience time for thought. This verbiage is not required in writing. Still, it wastes little time, as it helps one to read faster. Discard the idea of elaborate literary composition, and fancy you hear the old Chancellor's voice dictating his reminiscences in the dignified and finished language which was natural to him, and the charm will lead you on to the last page. I was prepared to discount his running commentaries on political events. He would not have space for detail; one knew exactly what he would say, because he would be sure to say the safe, the judicious, the correct thing. My conceit was often humbled. It is just because he says the correct thing—not only logically, but morally correct—that his calm reflections sometimes seem to arrest by their acuteness and stagger by their originality. The flash of truth startles our eyes, too long accustomed to the murky lights of contending parties. He was too much the trained lawyer to have ever been an inspired statesman, but age and leisure enlarged his view, and we read with reverence those golden passages in which he regrets, like Bismarck—but in how different a spirit!—the political errors that he had been persuaded to adopt or condone. I will not—I need not—say more of these volumes, but that the pictures of his family life are a pleasure to dwell upon; that the characters he draws of his contemporaries have something of Clarendon's completeness and finality; and that, though he rarely descends to story-telling, his dry recital of curious incidents often amounts to humour, for instance, the "Princess Olive of Cumberland" case in 1867, when Sir Roundell exploded her forged documents by pointing out that deceased statesmen, peers, royal dukes, doctors in divinity, and the mythical Hannah Lightfoot herself, all seem to have shared her strange partiality for the word "orfspring."

Y. Y.

MR. BUTLER'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.†

There have been many translations of Homer, but this is probably the first one made into strictly modern English. But Mr. Butler is always original and fond of experiments, and he holds that "nothing is readable, for long, which affects any other diction than that of the age in which it is written"; as the Elizabethans did not "lard a crib with Chaucerisms"—we quote Mr. Butler's exact words—so the Victorian era should in a rendering of Homer eschew "Elizabethanisms." Yet after all the epic dialect of Homer is

* "Memorials, Personal and Political." Part II., 1865-1895. By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.)

† "The Iliad of Homer." Translated by Samuel Butler. (Longmans.)

probably itself a conventional and poetic form of speech, such as was never used in actual conversation, and which to the Greeks themselves had almost from the first a distinctly antiquated character. To reduce Homer into prose and then to modernise the language is mere murder; he is not one of the poets who can, like an eel, be stripped of all externals and yet retain vitality.

Of course some passages of great simplicity and pathos may be rendered into modern prose with admirable effect. Take for instance the lament of Thetis for Achilles (p. 303)—"I bore him fair and strong, hero among heroes, and he shot up as a sapling; I tended him as a plant in a goodly garden. . . . Yet so long as he lives to look upon the light of the sun he is in heaviness, and though I go to him I cannot help him." This is excellent, because all simple and natural ideas admit of perfectly fitting expression in almost any language and any age. Yet even here careful examination will show any one that Mr. Butler's version is only "modern" in a special sense. It is only so because the best modern writers still find their best model in the English Bible, and its beauty is largely due to the fact that almost every word and cadence is borrowed from that splendid store-house of Elizabethan English. Does Mr. Butler, for example, assert that "a goodly garden" is modern English? The charm of its use in the passage quoted is due wholly to its appropriateness because of the pathetic associations which cluster round it in the Bible. The word is distinctly not modern, and when the translator brings it into modern society and speaks (p. 413) of "a goodly shirt," the incongruity is obvious. "Shirt," on the other hand, is a thoroughly modern word, but it does not suit Homer, and when Achilles mourning for Patroclus, pours dust upon his head, "letting the refuse settle upon his shirt so fair and new," one thinks sadly of the hero's laundry bill. It is needless to pursue the subject. Mr. Butler, who is a good scholar and a good writer, has put his hand to an impossible task. He cannot himself avoid lapsing into archaisms, and when he is genuinely modern he must sometimes render his author ludicrous. Girls are not now "daintily-ancled"; we do not call our boys "lusty sons," or when ill send for "skilled apothecaries"; we do not tell our wives that they "shall reap the fruit of their scurvy knavery," but on the other hand when Mr. Butler's Jupiter addresses Juno he shows real mastery of the modern vernacular—"I see, Juno," says the Olympian, "you mischief-making trickster, that your cunning has stayed Hector. . . . I am in half a mind to thrash you!"

T. E. PAGE.

ART AND LIFE.*

This "Series of Essays on Art and its Relation to Life" will probably have much less effect than Mr. Carpenter's social studies, "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation: its Cause and Cure." What is best here is contained in the earlier books. What is not in them—the art criticism, the discussions on modern poetry, on pictures, and on Beethoven—presents him in a field where he has many better-equipped rivals. While stating then that the essays are in great part detailed appreciations of various artists, we prefer to emphasise his repetitions of doctrines he has already preached, because in them he reveals his individuality. He will have it that the present opposition between Art and common life is unnatural, and that in the good time to come they will be reconciled. To that end life must be simplified, stripped of whatever is cumbersome and useless; must fit itself for expression. To that end the artist must utter his individual self. Individuality is the only gift an artist, or in fact any person, can give to humanity. Individuality is sacred in his eyes. "Every oyster has its fads and fancies." And akin to the reconciliation of Art and Life is a subject on which he speaks still better, the Art of Life. "The Art of Life is to know that Life *is* Art, that it is Expression. It is to rise above the Body, to rise above Materials; to use them for expression, but to know ourselves different from them." At present our tools are our masters. Again, "If one's life is to be expressive, one does not want lumber in it, it must not be full of things that mean nothing, or that mean the wrong thing. Excision is still the word. One does not want to wear other folks' clothes, to be called by their names, to adopt all their formulas of life." He is all for boldness, courage, generous expression of the whole of one's self, and set dead against that useless waste which consists in imitation, in the effort to see one's self in the mirror of another's soul. Such general themes Mr. Carpenter treats with his accustomed vigour and directness. It is good for all of us to read of them; when there is a genuine movement to apply them to conduct, humanity will have made a great stride forward.

* "Angels' Wings." By Edward Carpenter. 6s. (Sonnenschein.)

PROFESSOR ORR'S NEW BOOK.*

The three lectures contained in this volume were first delivered at the Mansfield Summer School, Oxford, and three years afterwards in the Theological Seminary of Auburn in New York State. There they were given as "the Morgan Lecture Course." They are well worth publishing, for they remove misconceptions which are very prevalent, and gather to a focus a large amount of scattered information. The lecturer is convinced that the influence of Christianity on pagan society in the early centuries has been seriously underestimated, and he aims at showing that *laterally*, or in point of numbers, *vertically*, or in regard to the different strata of society, and *intensively*, or in its effects on the thought and life of the empire, it was a more powerful force than is sometimes supposed. Thus he shows, especially from evidence furnished by the Catacombs, that Gibbon's estimate that in the time of Constantine the Christians numbered about one-twentieth of the inhabitants of Rome, is entirely erroneous; and that one-third would be nearer the mark. The third lecture in particular shows insight and skill, and also brings under review a number of most interesting facts, such as the studied affectation of ignorance regarding Christianity which undoubtedly was cultivated by some of the best known pagan authors. The reaction of Christianity on Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism, and the Mysteries is exhibited with freshness and ability. Dr. Orr's bright and informative lectures prove that diligently as the early Christian centuries have been worked, there are still "pockets" of gold to be discovered by those who have the faculty.

MARCUS DODS.

A TEXT-BOOK OF SOCIOLOGY.†

Professor Giddings' text-book of Sociology very strikingly shows the immense progress in social science made in the last quarter of the century. The book is the work of a scholar, and it exemplifies the growing tendency to base Sociology, not only on the permanent facts of physical and psychological science, but on the no less permanent principles which have been the life of philosophy from Aristotle to Hegel. Without being a disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Giddings has assimilated all that is most valuable in his teaching. He avoids the fatal error common to Hedonists and Utilitarians of mistaking the psychological order, or sequence in time, for the ethical and logical order. Thus, while allowing for pleasure and utility as primitive factors, he finds the root of Socialisation, not in the individualistic impulse, but, *first*, in the ideal principle of "like-mindedness," "the consciousness of kind," *secondly*, in the principle of "difference," of individual initiative which is the spring of progress, its end being the self-realisation of the individual in obedience to a Law higher than himself. It may be questioned whether the "juristic" and "political tradition" are to be regarded as "primary" compared with the "animistic" and "religious"; but this is the only part we have found to cavil at. Apart from some unavoidable repetitions and technicalities, the style is unusually agreeable and clear, and Professor Giddings deserves the highest praise for this well-arranged and comprehensive little work. Such a text-book is indispensable to every student of the subject. We specially recommend the chapters on The Social Nature, Constituent Societies, Civilisation, Progress, and Democracy.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE MANDARIN. By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Dawe has written a very lively Chinese novel. The newspapers of late have given us an inkling what Europeans have to expect, if they become unpopular, which is only too

* "Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity." By the Rev. James Orr, D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian Theological College, Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "The Elements of Sociology." By F. H. Giddings, M.A., Ph.D. 6s. (Macmillan.)

easy, in the remoter portions of China. The disagreeable information is here amplified. He mingles a good deal of romance with his tale of perilous adventure, however, and gives us the company of one of the pluckiest heroines of recent fiction. The book is not comfortable reading for subscribers to missions,

From Photo by] [*H. & R. Stiles.*

MR. CARLTON DAWE.

but the portrait of the cynical woman missionary, who has found out the vanity of her work, is counterbalanced by that of the saint, who is willing to spend his life without the reward of any visible result, and whose hope is inexhaustible. The Chinese are not painted in very amiable colours, but Mr. Dawe does not behave quite unhandsomely to the country, since he deals so appreciatively with that amusing, charming rascal, Ting.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Sensation and philanthropy are cleverly combined in this novel. The hero is a young nobleman, the spoilt child of fortune, who neglects all his duties, is flattered by a host of parasites, and lies on a bed of roses. Suddenly fortune forsakes him. He is doubly menaced, by the threats of his tenants, dying by the score in his unhealthy houses, and by the law—for he stands accused of murdering a man with whom he has quarrelled. It is not fair to tell the whole story, which though improbable, is still very readable. Suffice it to say that when the next Earl, a sporting ruffian, is preparing to spend the revenues on prize-fights and such like amusements, his predecessor, and our hero, is still alive, working in disguise to undo the evil wrought to his people by his own negligence, and falling in love with a noble young woman of low degree. When for laudable purposes he throws off his disguise, he is at once arrested; and Sir William is very ingenious in throwing obstacles in the way of his innocence being proved. But proved it is at last, and he is reinstated in his earldom and estates, a changed man, a pattern to the peerage, and a father to his people. Only one thing do we dislike in this story of admirable morals and lofty tone. The reformed Earl is terribly hard on the men who had made his unregenerate days pleasant. He must have made virtue seem very obnoxious in their eyes. Good advice nowadays is not acceptably received in the language of "Sandford and Merton."

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)

Fourteen short stories of average literary merit, made out of material rather above the average in interest, are collected in this volume. Madame de Longgarde has written better, but she has also written worse, and about half-a-dozen, among them "A Reprieve" and "Paula's Caprice," are really successful. All are readable, and so varied are the incidents and the settings, that the book can be recommended as just the thing for an hour liable to interruptions.

LOVE AND OLIVIA. By Margaret B. Cross. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Miss Cross plays a dangerous game with the happiness of her heroine. Olivia undertook to be married secretly to George; the ceremony had proceeded as far as "love and cherish," when a fainting-fit, prelude to influenza, saved her from an awful fate. For George, though an excellent fellow, was stupid and unenlightened, and Olivia was one of the most learned women in England. Oceans had separated them since that day, but Olivia still considered herself bound to Gorst, and believed she adored him. But we have no sooner been introduced to Joliffe, the man of letters, than we suspect he is destined for her from the beginning. The critic and the man of letters of fiction is generally a cold-blooded cynic; often a convenient villain for the story. But Miss Cross is a firm believer in brains, and rewards his many virtues by overcoming Olivia's scruples. George does not seriously object, having found a consolation adapted to his intellect. There was a nervous moment when it seemed the young woman of great talents was to throw away her chances; but otherwise it is a very pleasant book. And to crown its pleasantness, and convince us Olivia is really a nice woman—though a lecturer—we learn that she gave up all her literary ambitions on her marriage, and merged herself in her husband, just as any fool might have done.

CARR OF DIMSCAUR. By Theo Douglas. 6s. (Harpers.)

It has well been said that a great artist, in dealing with the supernatural, always creates an atmosphere to suggest it. Mr. Douglas, however, not being a great artist, does nothing of the sort. He boldly employs the supernatural, and yet goes out of his way to conceal it by the matter-of-fact tone of his book. The plot turns upon the reincarnation of a dead woman in the person of her sister, while the sister is in a series of trances. But the story is told in such a way that the reader is convinced that the woman, the evidence for whose death is of the slightest and easy to explain away, never died at all. The author goes further and suggests as powerfully as he can, without actually saying as much, that she had accomplices in her father's house, which she stealthily visited. He adds a secret passage in the house, an inexplicable dying speech, an attempted robbery and a murder. Of all these mysteries he only deigns to explain the murder, which turns out to have been committed by a senile idiot armed with a poker and in the throes of incipient gout. Even the great mystery, the position of Idalia Carr, is only hinted at in the last chapter, and then so vaguely that the baffled reader probably misses the explanation altogether. To be frank, we ourselves were so effectually misled, that it was only at a second attempt to extract some meaning from this chaotic mass of irrelevant improbabilities, that we obtained an inkling of the truth. If Mr. Douglas had remembered that the average reader of this class of novel is neither a detective nor a theosophist, he would have produced a really clever book, the impossibility of which would have been pardoned for the sake of a daring and original idea. As it is, the reader is so misled, in order that he may not too soon foresee the *dénouement*, that he misses it altogether and is left bewildered and exasperated. In short, the book is a tantalising failure.

BACHELORLAND. By R. S. Warren Bell. 6s. (Richards.)

One may describe this book in three ways. It is a guide to the Middle Temple; it is a romantic story of the love affairs of a Temple foundling; and it is a commonplace book—fatal word—where Mr. Bell has jotted down his philosophy of life, and especially his views on womenkind. Now the information about the Middle Temple is all very well, though it appears rather in clumps, and does not artistically pervade the air. The philosophy and the knowing generalisations we do not like at all; frankly, they are very poor stuff, and almost ruin the book. But the story is good. The relations between Margot the foundling and her indulgent godfather are throughout natural, pathetic, and pretty; and if the episode of Bannerman be clumsy, something of the kind was certainly wanted to teach the thoughtless child the value of her best friend. The comic personages are laboured. Macke is only funny in the first scene, and the "laundress" is never funny at all. Mr. Bell has crowded the stage unnecessarily. Less effort in every department would have been rewarded by a better artistic success.

THE ARCHDEACON. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

When the very young Theobald Yorke talked of lofty things to Irene Ravelston, and discoursed on the seriousness of life, she felt she could almost, not quite, give up the rest of the season, with its balls and excitement and all the gaieties of the coming years. When Irene spoke, a little apologetically, of the delights of society, Theo began to suspect he had been a fool in the past, and had better begin to make friends with the world as soon as possible. Of the two he was the more resolute, or he had the freer hand. When they met again as middle-aged persons, he was the most successful of Archdeacons, on the best of terms with the powers that be. Irene, who has found the world out, is much shocked. She had hoped again to find a spiritual exemplar. So far we followed the book with interest. But when we reached Theo's reconversion to spirituality, everything began to grow shadowy. Mrs. Walford is vague about that conversion. Evidently the Archdeacon grew civiler to his relations, and we are told he became capable of impetuosity. But when Irene relented, she found herself in a very dignified and comfortable position, and we cannot hear of any hard sacrifices either she or her husband made to regain the simplicity and unselfishness of youthful ideals.

THE BLACK CURTAIN. By F. H. Loughead. 6s. (Duckworth.)

The writer commits the lamentable mistake of supposing her hero and heroine to be very gifted persons. He was a great painter, who made his French rivals squirm with envy when only a beardless boy, and as for his knowledge of art, it can only be expressed in the American of one of his friends—"Ruskin wasn't a circumstance to him." Then blindness threatened him, and he fled to the wilds of California to learn to be a farmer. She was a great singer, but one day she lost her voice. After that, she also fled to the wilds, to grow strawberries. He builds a log hut on one side of a stream; she sets up a paper house on the other. Then they squabble about their title, and begin to be quite amusing. The unconventional intercourse of a man and a woman squatter is good material for a story, and Miss Loughead is able to use it, though she is unkind to her own sex in putting Miss Judith invariably in the wrong in all the differences, while Paul is allowed to play a consistently noble part. But we have the tiresome gifts thrust on us again before the end. As the result of a magnificent self-sacrifice, the black curtain of blindness falls upon the man finally, while the woman regains her glorious voice upon the mountain-tops. Let us hope she maintained him well from that time forward, to make up for her tantrums of old. But we do not much care, for we have never realised the blind genius or the dumb prima donna. The obstinate, energetic young rancher and his pretty, saucy neighbour were as good company as we could have desired.

LADY LANARK'S PAYING GUEST. By Gertrude Forde. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The paying guest had been a lady help in a New York boarding-house and, being very pretty, had pleased the fancy of an old gentleman, who left her his money. Then she came over to England to have a good time, became the belle of the London season, and engaged herself to the matrimonial catch of the year—the ugly, old, and disreputable Marquis of Sudbury. Of course the engagement came to nothing, the money ran done, the rocket flight was over, and a succession of humdrum adventures followed, ending happily with the usual last chapter ceremony and a ranch out west. It is a well-told story in its way, which is an ordinary way. Those who like the kind of thing should not miss it.

LITTLE MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Mrs. George Corbett. 3s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Little Miss Robinson ("Crusoe" was only a nickname) was, through a series of accidents landed upon a desert island (or peninsula) somewhere about South America. These desert islands in the Pacific seem to be remarkably well furnished with the necessaries of life, and Miss Robinson Crusoe soon found a deserted house, culinary utensils, and, above all, *tea*, not to mention a companionable monkey. Finally everybody turned up again, families were reunited, and the unkind people at home were punished by not getting any of the wealth and gems that little Miss Robinson Crusoe brought back to England with her. It is all very Arcadian, and only mildly adventurous, but it has its own share of interest, and will please simple-minded young folks.

TALES OF A TIN MINE. By Silas K. Hocking. 2s. (H. Marshall.)

These are very pleasant little tales. The catastrophe in most of them takes, as might be expected, the form of a mine accident. The above-ground interest is the perennial one, and the excellent thing about these simple stories is that the course of true love does generally run smooth in the end, though there may be a ripple or two—or even an explosion—by the way.

MARY GIFFORD, M.B. By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

This is unfair to lady medicals. Miss Gifford is more disagreeable than any woman doctor we ever knew. She appears in the very first chapter as an insufferable prig and egotist; she is impertinent, silly, and conceited. And yet Mrs. Meade represents the old doctor as admiring her, and apparently expects us to do the same. We really must ask to be excused. Of course it was a pity that she fell in love with John Erle, who had an "aneurism on the descending aorta," but considering how ultra-medical they both were we think he might have mentioned it in time. No doubt she would have understood all that it implies, which is more than we pretend to do. But let us avoid petulance and admit at once that the book has irritated us. It may not irritate everybody. Certainly, those who, like Dr. Follett, "admire" Mary Gifford at a first meeting may possibly, like him, admire her to the end.

THE COUNTESS TEKLA. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

Here we have, it seems to us, Mr. Barr's best work. In none of his stories of modern life have we found more reality than in this tale of mediæval Germany; in none such excellence of workmanship. Great pains, considerable study must have been devoted to the writing of "The Countess Tekla"; they have not made it heavy, and they have not been wasted. The plot will appeal to all romantic imaginations. The Emperor Rodolph, wandering in disguise through his dominions, finds a fair and charming lady in the house of the Archbishop of Treves. He discovers that the fair lady and himself are both victims of his ambitious and disloyal vassal, and in the guise of a merchant he does his best to help her escape, which leads him into dangers such as few Emperors ever ran. He wins the lady's heart; but not till he has slain infidels in the Holy Land, and cleared his own land of some traitors, does he come back to claim her hand and divulge his secret. It might

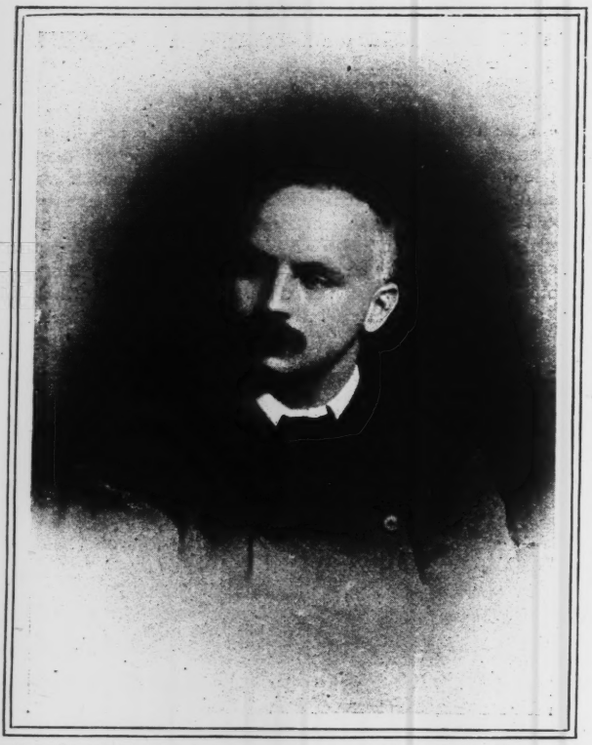
From Photo by [*Baker, Buffalo.*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT BARR.

have been a very pleasant story even with mere dummies for its personages; but Tekla and the Black Count and the Archbishop stand out and speak out, with life in their eyes and their voices.

THE ROMANCE OF A RITUALIST. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Lane.)

The stories of Mr. Vincent Brown—this is his third, so far as we know—are unlike those of anyone else. We hope no one will be tempted to imitate him. They would only bungle, for what is remarkable in his work is too subtle to be copied. It is not his intellect or imagination that is original so much as his temperament. There is this to be noted about all his books: you may find fault with the plot and be dissatisfied with the characters, yet enough always remains. The remainder is Mr. Brown, of course. But you do not seem to catch him speaking his own words, or airing his own theories. You feel him there a pleader for the inarticulate, for the gentle, for all suffering spirits. We are not dissatisfied with the story this time. In the end he overcomes our intense dislike of Asgar, his central character, which is a real triumph. Asgar is



From Photo by [*Jacques & Gay, Brighton.*

MR. VINCENT BROWN.

the type of the uncomfortable man; a Ritualist, maybe, but rather by accident; essentially a religious egotist, a man who had to fight for conviction and to fight his senses, too, and who during the combat contrives to make the world dark for all who are concerned with him. A sorry creature, to scornful readers, till looked at through Mr. Brown's eyes, and then a most pathetic one. Besides, after that terrible walk into the morning, into the forest, and towards self-destruction—a wonderful bit of description—our scorn is turned into something better than mere forgiveness. There is a remarkable group of portraits in the book besides Asgar. His mother, the type of quietness and love, sane and sweet and limited as a child, is the best. But even the teller of the tale is made to paint himself unconsciously. There is the rigid ecclesiastic, too, and there is the materialist, both looking and speaking with the very eyes and tones of life. With the vaguest of plans, and weighted by much that is casual, and some things that are hardly realised, the book is nevertheless extremely interesting and attractive. Mr. Brown feels the human pulse with a peculiarly sensitive hand, and not as a curious experimenter, but as a healer.

BY BERWEN'S BANKS. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

We can generally trust Allen Raine for an agreeable story, with a pleasing amount of local colour. The Welsh setting of "By Berwen's Banks" is as picturesque as could be wished. But the story halts sadly. The hero, who, by the way, might very well have stood for the villain, scrapes acquaintance with the girl on a country road, has clandestine meetings with her, persuades her into a secret marriage, and goes off to Australia leaving her cruelly bound by a promise not to tell that she is his wife. Then when he comes back he does not know her from her twin sister. She, being a patient Griselda, suffers many things, and forgives Cardo in the end—which is more than we can do. But it is only fair to say that Allen Raine tells the story so prettily that we scarcely notice how unsatisfactory it is until we have closed the book.

A WARD OF THE KING. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 6s. (Long.)

This is a fine, old-fashioned tale of sixteenth-century France, when Francis I. was campaigning with the Emperor Charles in Italy. There is a villain—Count Laval—of the purest romantic type, who has a fair course right through the book, dragging the heroine with him in pursuit of the fugitive Charles of Bourbon. The young Countess Jeanne is rather an improvement on the traditional heroine of romantic fiction, and is more than a mere lay figure to serve as an excuse for sword-practice among the gallants. This daughter of the Acignés is a young person with a very pronounced mind of her own, and takes it upon herself to warn the fugitive Duke, and bring the villain's schemes to naught. The hero, d'Orbec, however, does not quite satisfy us. We expected him to come striding in, with a "Pardieu! You lie, villain!" on his lips, and a thrice sharpened blade gleaming in his hand, long before he does so. But, then, the story might have come to an untimely end, for Jeanne would never have let things go wrong again. Still, when he does at last arrive on the scene, we feel that he is a little tame. His eyes flash, undoubtedly, and he throws his glove in Laval's face, calls him "Liar!" in a becomingly fierce tone, fights with him and kills him, all in due course. But he does not do it as if he meant it—rather as if he felt it was expected of him, was "always done" in short—and we are surprised that Jeanne does not punish him a little for his remissness, especially as she was at all times somewhat variable in her moods, and liable to become frigid (or indignant) on very slight provocation. But since Miss Macquoid intended this business-like and unimpulsive man, and this imperious and wayward girl for husband and wife, and since she had already given the lady the master-mind, perhaps it was as well to give the mildness to the man. Anyhow there is an epilogue to show that things worked out satisfactorily, and that they lived happy ever after, which is a good thing even in a novel. It is a good story, not much elaborated, but interesting and well told.

LIFE'S PEEPSHOW. By H. Rutherfurd Russell. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

These sketches are snippets, glimpses, detached chapters from possible novels. Some of them—not all—have a beginning; none of them have an end. They are clever in their characterisation, faithful in their delineation of life. And their truthfulness has nothing in common with that misnamed realism which sees only ugliness and flaws. The characters act as respectable, ordinary people act in a world where human emotions may be restive, but where a certain sensible old lady has the whip-hand. The effect is a little colourless perhaps. The purples and reds of life are too well hidden under Mrs. Grundy's grey cloak. A better English style would have given the book an effectiveness which it ought to have and has not. The observation is excellent, the language poor. We fear the undiscriminating reader will call it a dull book. It is the fault of the writer's pen—not of his imaginings.

THE RUE BARGAIN. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

"The Rue Bargain" has a striking cover—eerie and ghostly. We do not remember having seen one like it before. And we would much rather discuss it than the story, about which we have little to say but what has often been said already. It is not remarkable. There are many—far too many—like it, clever, cruel, and depressing. The subject is the old painful one of weakness and wickedness. There is the too familiar picture of poor humanity, and the ruthless finger pointing to its scars. We do not wish to be unjust to the book or to ignore the writer's literary skill. We only say that the effect of it upon the reader is that of chill discouragement.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.; OR, THE LIFE OF A LONDON PHYSICIAN. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 16s. (The Scientific Press.)

"If I were only well enough, I would help you myself," said Dr. Samuel Smiles—then an old man of eighty-five—when Mrs. Alec Tweedie spoke to him of her project of writing her father's life. Dr. Harley had intended to write his own history, and had made up his mind to retire from professional work at seventy and devote his leisure to arranging and recording his many curious and interesting reminiscences. But he died at sixty-seven, still in harness, and the task of carrying out his wishes devolved upon his daughter. She has done her part loyally, affectionately, and enthusiastically. The book is brimful of life and vivacity, full of anecdote and incident. Undoubtedly, Mrs. Tweedie had ample material to her hand. Dr. Harley was a man who knew everybody worth knowing and had a store of interesting experiences. Mazzini, Faraday, Thackeray, John Leech, and, later, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Professor Milligan, and Mr. George Grossmith—these are a few names chosen at random, showing conclusively enough the variety of his friendships and interests. It would have been difficult to write a dull biography of such a man. Still it would be unfair to give all the credit for the brightness of the record to the personality of its subject. The writer herself deserves congratulation on being one of the few who have succeeded in writing a lively and entertaining biography.

THE RENAISSANCE OF GIRLS' EDUCATION. By Alice Zimmern. 5s. (Innes.)

Miss Zimmern has provided what will probably be the standard book on the subject. She has studied the whole question with the utmost care, and made herself familiar with its development and present position in every part of the country. A special chapter is devoted to the intermediate schools of Wales, which are being watched just now with special attention by those interested in educational experiments. Scotland is not altogether forgotten. Miss Zimmern describes the well-known St. Leonard's School at St. Andrews. She says nothing, however, of the great public schools of Edinburgh, including the largest girls' secondary school in existence. The history of the Higher Education movement in England receives, naturally, her closest attention and fullest treatment. The labours of such pioneers as Miss Buss, of the North London Collegiate, and Miss Beale, of Cheltenham College, are fully recognised; and an admirably lucid account is given of all that their efforts have brought about. Miss Zimmern's easy and fluent style makes her book a charming one to read, and its quiet and reasonable tone, its complete grasp of the facts, its sympathetic understanding of what is needed give it a very special value. It deserves the attention, not merely of teachers, but of girls and their parents and all who are interested in the training of our young women.

THE SHELLBACK; OR, AT SEA IN THE SIXTIES. By Alec J. Boyd. (Cassell.)

This is an unpretentious account of a voyage made by a young Australian in an American sailing vessel some five and thirty years ago. The narrative is absolutely true, and by its blunt matter-of-fact style, devoid of rhetoric or aiming at effect, gives a vivid sketch of a merchant seaman's life in the Sixties. The book, which does not profess to be anything more than a plain sailor's yarn, is in parts highly technical; but the technicality is natural and has not been "got up" after the manner of Rudyard Kipling. It is a tribute to the straightforward way in which the story is told, that the revolting cruelty of Captain Barton and his American mates nowhere seems overstated. Incidentally the author says some good things about sailors, and adds an interesting appendix, in which he contrasts the crew of a modern steamer with the seamen of forty years back, much to the advantage of the latter. Though "The Shellback" is diffuse and calls for judicious skipping, the reader who cares about the history of seamanship, will find much in it to interest him.

THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray. Biographical Edition. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Never was an Englishman more English than Thackeray. "I could not understand the Americans nor the Scotch well," he says. He was interested in them, especially in the Americans, and "The Virginians" was his tribute to their hospitality to him on his lecture tours, but his inspiration—his types—he found among his own people. Yet the letters and reminiscences connected with his American tours, and therefore appropriately prefixed to "The Virginians," are among the most interesting that have appeared. He was strongly affected in New York by what he calls "the electric influence in the air." It was not until some rain began to fall that he felt as if a leaden cap were taken off his brain-pan and his nerves regained calmness. He met with nothing but kindness in the New World, but never felt thoroughly at home. As he travels south to New Orleans, we find him welcoming "the sweet, kind French tongue" spoken in the shops, and writing, "As we turn from this we shall be going HOME. O mong Jew! come quickly, I say, thou end of May!"

There are some interesting recollections of episodes of the Oxford election, for which we refer readers to the book itself. Part III. of the Introduction deals with the actual writing of "The Virginians," which the author considered "devilish stupid, but at the same time most admirable."

WEST COUNTRY BALLADS AND VERSES. By Arthur L. Salmon. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

This is a very unpretentious little booklet bound in the white-parchment-and-gold fashion that does not lead us to expect good poetry. And the first poem is only mediocre, containing some effective phrases and a most unpardonably poor and unnecessary closing stanza. But after that there are surprises in store. "Jan Coo" attracts the attention at once by its rapid music and its terse phrasing. "Autumn," short as it is, is vivid and strong. "The Mouth of the Lyn," too, is worth more than one reading. Some of these have seen the light before, but they are quite worth collecting. We shall look with interest in future for Mr. Salmon's work.

THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL. By Archie Campbell. 5s. net. (Redway.)

If the publisher were to announce this as the most astounding book of the year, no one that has looked into it would contradict him. It is the experiences of one who has "gone over"—that is, gained the entry into the realms of spirit, and so broken down the boundaries of space and time. Such a "going over" sounds sublime, but our own dull lives must suddenly take on a glow by contrast with the terrible smugness of the spirit world as revealed by Mr. Campbell. Divino, the Virgil who conducted him to Paradise, was evidently very handsome, but then one of Cook's personal conductors would be more intelligent. His entry into the communion of saints included introductions to Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Young, Steele, Dickens, Thackeray, Michael Angelo, Murillo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. If it were not for the names of them, to judge from their conversation, we have more reason to be awed in the company of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Evidently Tennyson made no new poetry after he "went over"; he quotes perhaps the most hackneyed of his old lines. Mozart plays Chopin and Schumann—that is a mere trifling wonder—and delivers a lecture on them, which we hope for his reputation is inadequately reported. Divino painted a picture of the Bridge of Sighs, over which Hood cried; and he delivered an address on Art in Heaven, from which we gather that Mr. Luke Fildes was celestially led, and that the Academy, at its worst, is fulfilling a holy work. When you "go over," opinions on all matters, social, moral, and political, will be supplied to you, but you will have met them previously, only better expressed, in remote provincial newspapers. And some of them are not good enough for the darkened beings who live on this side. We must come to the conclusion that once you have passed the rubicon between matter and spirit, you may be as great a fool as you like.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. By Richard Semon. 21s. (Macmillan.)

Australia is the happy hunting-ground of the naturalist. Zoologically speaking it is the land of missing links. There alone are the oviparous mammals, the lung-breathing fish, Ceratodus, and certain marsupials to be found. It was to study the physiology of these classes that Professor Semon set out on his two years' journey. His scientific results are being worked out in Germany, but in this book (which has already appeared in a German edition) he gives a detailed account—not always, we must admit, in faultless English—of his adventures and experiences. Undoubtedly the chief interest is zoological, and

the general reader, who cares little for the embryonic development of the *echidna aculeata*, will find a good deal to skip. But there is a pleasant personal narrative between whiles, and a very full and interesting account of the manners and customs—especially the marriage customs—of the aborigines. Naturalists will find the book intensely interesting; others may dip into it here and there with pleasure.

JOUBERT: A SELECTION FROM HIS THOUGHTS. Translated by Katharine Lyttelton, with a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 5s. (Duckworth and Co.)

Since Matthew Arnold wrote his famous essay on Joubert, there have appeared one or two translations and selections of the "Pensées," but none so ambitious, so complete, so attractive as the volume before us. Mrs. Lyttelton has done the work of translation with great taste and skill. The selection is on the whole a representative one, although we miss several Thoughts which have a better right to a place in the book than some which are included. Mrs. Humphry Ward's preface is an interesting life-study of Joubert the man, rather than a critical estimate of his works.

VIA DOMINI. Sermons for Christian Seasons. By J. H. Bernard, D.D., Dublin. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A few of the sermons now published by Dr. Bernard have already made their appearance in the pages of various magazines, but for the most part they are now printed for the first time. They have been preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College Chapel, and similar churches, and they bear traces of very careful preparation, conscientious examination of Scripture, and earnest thinking. Dr. Bernard never fails to impart interest to his theme, and generally succeeds in setting it in a fresh light and giving it a new force of appeal.

THROUGH NEW GUINEA AND OTHER CANNIBAL COUNTRIES. By Captain H. Cayley-Webster. 21s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Captain Webster gives a very frank and very detailed account of his various adventures and experiences among the natives of the East Indies. Missionary effort and the influences of civilisation have barely touched them as yet, and in most of the islands cannibalism is quite an every-day affair. In those nearer the China coast pidgin-English is understood, and the white man is known to be worth robbing—but not murdering, unless he is alone and undefended. On the whole these aborigines are not attractive. They are repulsive in appearance and habits, treacherous always, and often cruel. Still, Captain Webster kept on tolerably friendly terms with them, made most successful collections of birds and Lepidoptera, and brought home a wealth of photographs, many of which are reproduced to add to the attractiveness of his own unambitious and straightforward narrative.

DREAM DAYS. By Kenneth Grahame. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Our old friends of the Golden Age are all here, as full of life and fancy and rebellion as ever. We do not tire of their fresh company; and if Mr. Grahame spin still more yarns about Selina and Edward and the incomparable Harold and the others, we shall read them with a twinkle of sympathy. A close examination of the two books is highly favourable to the second; and if we receive it the more coolly, it is only because the children's very decided characters and manner of playing were pretty fully defined in the first. The development is not surprising, but it is excellently amusing. "The Twenty-First of October," which is Selina's special Saga—did not she alone of all her household, nay, of all her county, remember the great deed of another twenty-first?; the incident of the Death-Letter, where Harold is the hero, and the tale of the pilfering and burial of two dear memorial trophies from the parcel about to be sent by thoughtful relations to the Children's Hospital, are beyond praise. Childhood, at once imaginative and lusty, is in his pages made very living to us. We think there is just one blunder. The average child is brutally obtuse, and when Martha locked herself into her room on hearing of her brother's death, it would have struck him "as a funny sort of proceeding." But the child who was afterwards the recorder of all these tales, the child of the sensitive eye and memory, would not have thought it "funny." In the midst of our amusement and admiration we must own that it is not in every aspect a general picture he draws of the relations between the grown-up world and children. As a rule, children are in half their being enthusiastic admirers of the grown-up world, and in the other half supremely indifferent to it. The critical, scornful attitude of Mr. Grahame's children is quite exceptional. Schoolmasters, of course, are excepted from our generalisations.

THE BRITISH NAVY. By A. Stenzel. 12s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

For once it is pleasant to see ourselves as others see us. Captain Stenzel is a German, and yet sees us—or at least our Navy—in an amiable light. He has his criticisms to make, which deserve attention since he speaks of what he knows. He has studied our naval methods carefully, getting his facts, naturally, from English writers, but using his own judgment and forming his own opinions. It is always pleasant to be praised, and, therefore, the popularity of his book in this country is not surprising. It is wonderful how highly we rate the critical insight of people who admire us. But even were it not our own Navy of which Captain Stenzel treats, his book would still deserve to be called able, well arranged, complete, and accurate.

LONDON GOVERNMENT. By Frederick Whelen. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

In attempting to unravel the tangled skein of London Government Mr. Whelen has undertaken no light task. In no city is the scheme so complicated. The functions of the various local and central governing bodies run into one another, overlap, and sometimes even conflict, in a manner altogether puzzling to the ratepayer. Yet what can be done towards coming (in Cromwellian phrase) "to some clearness," Mr. Whelen has done. The various Committees, Boards, Vestries, and Authorities are described, and their individual functions, so far as may be possible, distinguished. The London ratepayer should buy the book and study it. It will help him wonderfully to locate his grievance.

SOUTH LONDON. By Walter Besant, M.A., F.S.A. With Etching by F. S. Walker, R.E., and 118 Illustrations. 18s. (Chatto and Windus.)

In this volume Sir Walter Besant continues the method of his two preceding books on "London" and "Westminster." That is to say, he does not attempt a closely detailed and consecutive history, but writes a succession of descriptive chapters on various outstanding subjects. There is little to be said of this volume save to repeat the praise given to its predecessors. The picturesque style of the veteran author is well known. His authority as a student of Old London is unquestioned. His books are the classics of their subject, and Southwark and Bermondsey are transfigured at his touch. Under their disguise of dreariness and squalor we are taught to perceive the outlines of beauty still traceable, and the elements of romance. Nobody who knows the fascination of London will read the book without pleasure; others will probably learn from it what that fascination means.

"THOMAS MOORE" ANECDOTES. Edited by Wilmot Harrison. With Special Preface by Richard Garnett, LL.D. (The Raconteur Series.) 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Dr. Garnett looks for a reaction in favour of Thomas Moore, similar to that which is just beginning to be felt in favour of his more brilliant contemporary, Byron. Both these men were the heroes of their generation; both have become—shall we say?—unfashionable. And Moore still remains so, notwithstanding his being, as Dr. Garnett says, "not only an excellent poet and a consummate man of letters, but . . . a representative man in several departments." It is in the effort to restore due appreciation of the Irish lyrist in his personal and social aspect that these extracts from his "Memoirs" and "Journal" have been published. They abound with stories of eminent men, for Moore, though of lowly birth, mixed with the best of good society. To look up in the index a famous name of the earlier half of the century is to find the key to a treasure-house of interesting anecdotes.

A ROSARY OF CHRISTIAN GRACES. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Horace Marshall and Son.)

Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son may be congratulated on securing such a volume as this for their "Present Day Preachers." And that Alexander Maclaren can still be so designated is matter of congratulation to all interested in the spread of a hearty and intelligent religion. Sanest and most instructive of all living preachers, he never appeared to greater advantage than in the sermons now published, and presumably of recent date. They have the same penetrating insight into Scripture, and the same clear perception of the actual working

of religion in the heart, that were manifested in the work of his prime. Less laboured and less illustrative than some of his older sermons, they yet are as interesting as ever, and illustration never fails where it is needed. The title of the volume is adopted from Jeremy Taylor, and applies to the first group of sermons, which treat of the Christian graces inculcated in the first chapter of 2 Peter. The perfect photograph of Dr. Maclaren which ornaments the book will please his many admirers and friends.

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF VICTORIA (1837-1897). By G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., etc. (The Victorian Era Series.) 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Mr. Gomme represents "the London of Queen Victoria's reign as a London struggling to become worthy of her place." "There is nothing yet," he says, "which can be said to be in any way complete. . . . If every citizen of hers would help a little, a few years would see great things, and I am not without hope that I may see such help freely and lovingly given." Mr. Gomme's criticism is that of a friend. He is loyal to London, and writes of it—even of its faults—*con amore*. He gives an interesting description of the London of sixty years ago, traces the growth of trade and of population, describes the street and other improvements, explains our educational methods, and our cumbersome machinery of local government. The little book is a thoroughly readable one, full of information which ought to interest every loyal and loving citizen.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD COLLECTOR. By Count Michael Tyskiewicz. Translated by Mrs. Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

It is just a year since the death of that most delightful of men, most enthusiastic of collectors, and most accomplished of connoisseurs, Count Michael Tyskiewicz. This translation of his notes and reminiscences has appeared, very appropriately, on the eve of the first anniversary of the event. Mrs. Lang translates very beautifully and very gracefully. Her English rendering is really English, pure and lucid, and yet it preserves the charm of the original. The value of Count Michael Tyskiewicz's collection of antiquities is well known, and the Louvre and other public museums have benefited by his gifts. After his death the British Museum authorities were fortunate enough to secure several treasures, notably the silver bust from Borco Reale, a print of which forms the frontispiece to this book, as well as two exquisite Greek vases of the best period. These also are included among the illustrations. The book is beautifully printed, and bears on its grey linen cover a gilt imprint of the bronze mirror (also in the British Museum) bearing the design of two figures playing backgammon.

A POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE TATE GALLERY. By Edward T. Cook. 5s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Cook has gathered together between the covers of this book all the information which a visitor could possibly desire respecting the pictures in our gallery of modern art and the painters of them. The pictures are not merely dated, but the history of their execution, as well as all their subsequent adventures, are given, wherever it is possible. It is not a commentary on a selection, but on every one of the works of art at present in the building. Full biographical details respecting the painters are presented in a very readable form, and the information, so far as we have tested it, is wonderfully complete and accurate. The whole is arranged so that it may be used conveniently in the gallery, and yet we are confident it will be perused at home, and not merely for reference. Of course, the plan of the book demands the inclusion of criticism, but the criticism is not aggressive. It certainly errs on the side of saying pleasant things concerning a gallery which is not an unmixed source of pride to lovers of art. But then the functions of the compiler of such a handbook are those of interpreter rather than judge. With this and his well-known guide to the National Gallery there is little excuse for us not to be well informed about the permanently placed pictures of London.

MALLOW AND ASPHODEL. By R. C. Trevelyan. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Trevelyan's themes are classical, and so are some of his metres. The poems are experiments more or less successful; but they are the experiments of a poet, not of a mere scholar. "Epimetheus" is not, we think, one of the successes; but perhaps we judge it harshly because it roused our indignation by making the infant Dionysus a full-blown prig in his cradle. "Archilochus" is much better. It contains some surprising passages, as this,

> "A star
> Slid down the sky. A lordly rioter
> Climbed stumbling up the steps; and as he reeled
> Across the poop, his pampered hair left night
> Fragrant with perfume, and his maniac words
> Came whirling wild: 'Tethys, my bride, I come!
> In thy wet arms enfold me."

But Neoboule's song is charming. "Juno's Peacock" and "Orpheus" are a little dull; but the Quern Songs, sung by Trojan captives grinding corn in the palace of Menelaus, grinding it for Helen, are original, imaginative—not merely poetical, but poetry.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MEMORY, and Other Sermons. By the Very Rev. William Lefroy, D.D., Dean of Norwich. (Horace Marshall and Co.)

Sermons even in printed form must be popular with some classes of readers, for here is still another series of "Present Day Preachers." The volume which Dean Lefroy contributes to it can be read with pleasure and also with profit. Sermons on Athletics and on Gambling are sure to command attention at present. Christ's Descent into Hades has caught the imagination of all the Christian ages, and is here fully and adequately treated in three sermons. Doctrinal sermons are not a-wanting; and in these Dean Lefroy shows himself to be a lover of the old paths. Altogether they are favourable specimens of the preaching in the Church of England.

THE GOSPEL OF JOY. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Isbister and Co., Ltd.)

Mr. Stopford Brooke's sermons have a beauty and attractiveness all their own. They draw one back to read and re-read them. His keen observation of the ways of men, his own ripe culture and trained style, but especially his deeply religious and poetical spirit, his passion and enthusiasm, give him a foremost place among preachers. There is none of these sermons which does not start a fresh train of thought, and carry us to some germinant ideas; and there is none which does not appeal to the conscience. With all its keenness of insight into the actual human conditions, and notwithstanding the sad pathos that here and there makes itself felt, the volume is fullest of a reasonable optimism, and justifies its title, "The Gospel of Joy."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BURN, A. E.—An Introduction to the Creeds and to the Te Deum, 10/6 ..... Methuen

FAIRBAIRN, Dr. A. M.—Catholicism, Roman and Anglican, 7/6 Hodder

[*See p.* 175.]

HUMPHREYS, Rev. A. E.—Christ's Daily Orders (Churchman's Devotional Library, No. 1), 1/- ..... Church News. Co.

[*Passages of Scripture indicated for daily reading, with a few words of exposition and enforcement added.*]

KUYPER, A.—Encyclopædia of Sacred Theology, 12/- ..... Hodder

McLAREN, Dr. A.—A Rosary of Christian Graces, 3/6 .... H. Marshall

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FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—Brown, V.C., 6/- ..... Unwin

BARR, R.—The Countess Tekla, 6/- ..... Methuen

[*See p.* 187.]

BOND, R. W.—Zenobia, 3/6 ..... Mathews

CROSS, M. B.—Love and Olivia, 6/- ..... Hurst and Blackett

[*See p.* 186.]

DAWE, C.—The Mandarin, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

[*See p.* 185.]

DOLE, N. H.—Omar the Tent-maker, 6/- ..... Duckworth

DOUGLAS, T.—Carr of Dimscaur, 6/- ..... Harpers

[*See p.* 186.]

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Paths of the Prudent, 6/- ..... Methuen

FORDE, G.—Lady Lanark's Paying Guest, 6/- ..... Chapman

[*See p.* 187.]

GERARD, D.—Things That Have Happened, 6/- ..... Methuen

[*See p.* 186.]

HAMILTON, C.—The Glamour of the Impossible, 3/6..... Chatto
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[*See p.* 186.]
MIDDLEMASS, J.—In Storm and Strife, 6/-..... Digby
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[*See p.* 188.]
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[*See p.* 188.]
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[*See p.* 180.]
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[*See p.* 168.]
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Arundo, Pseud-Practical Fly-Fishing (London: Simpkin, 1849).

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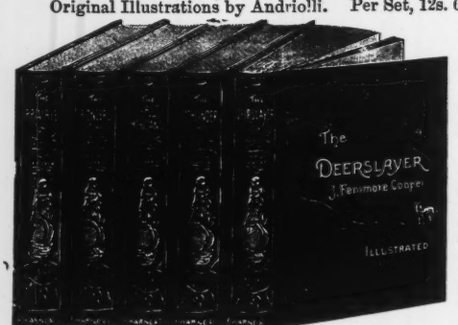

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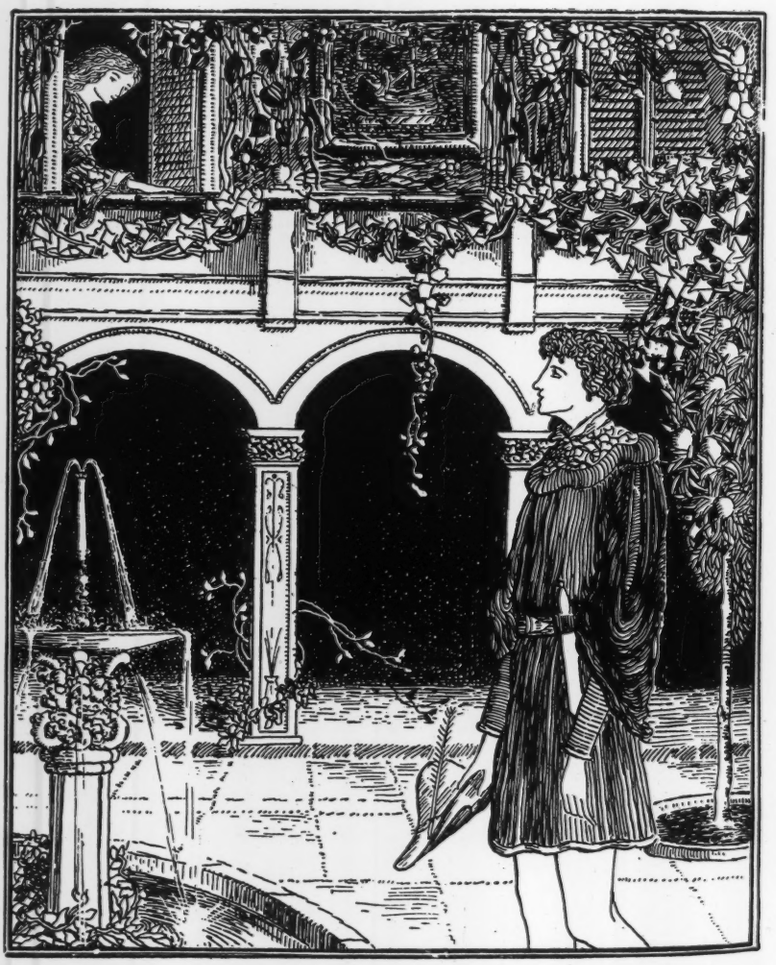

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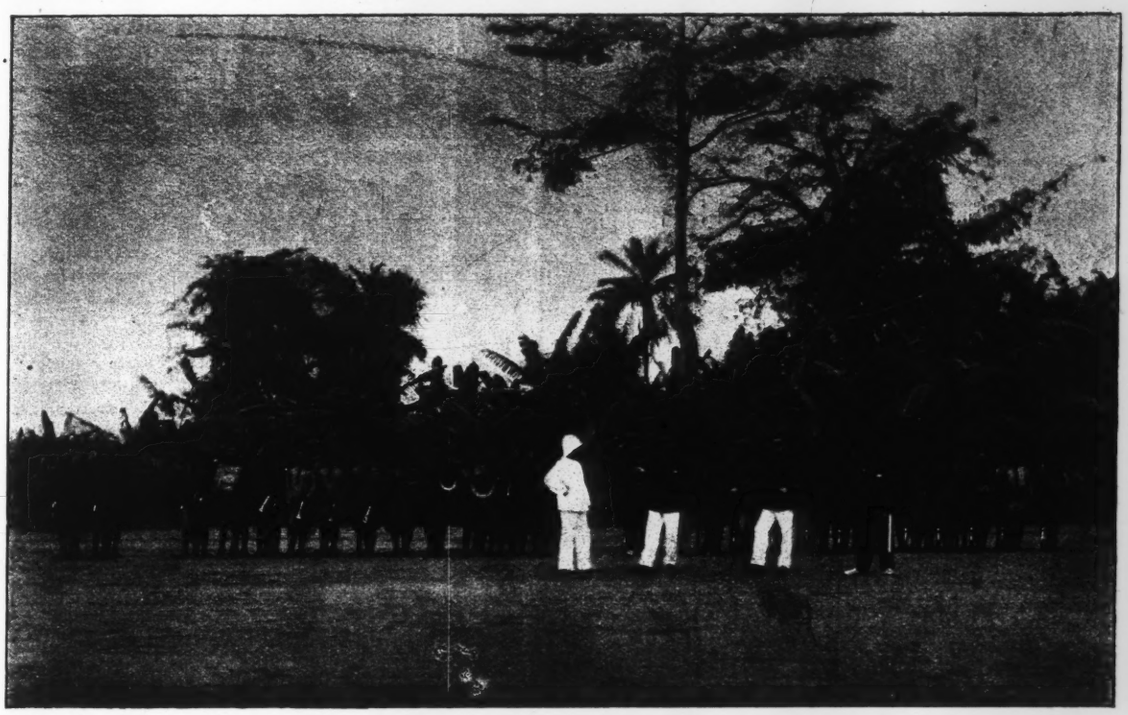

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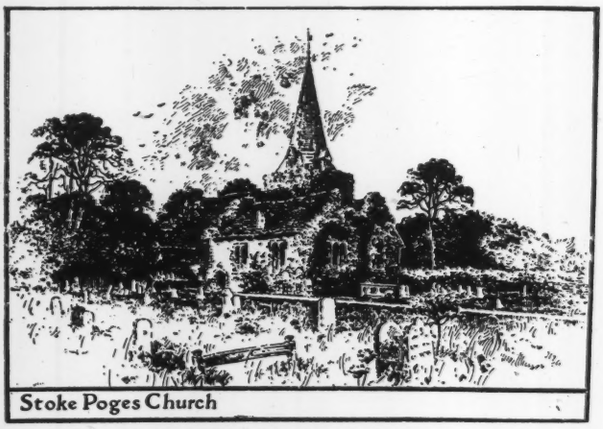

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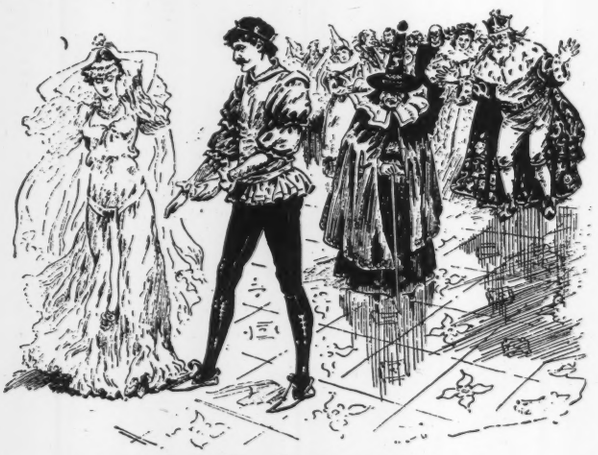

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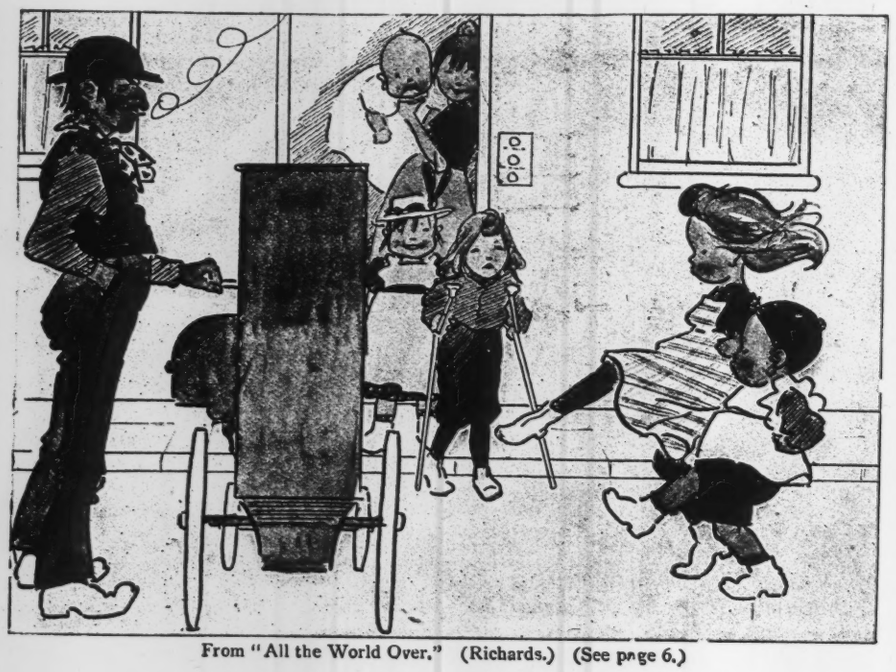

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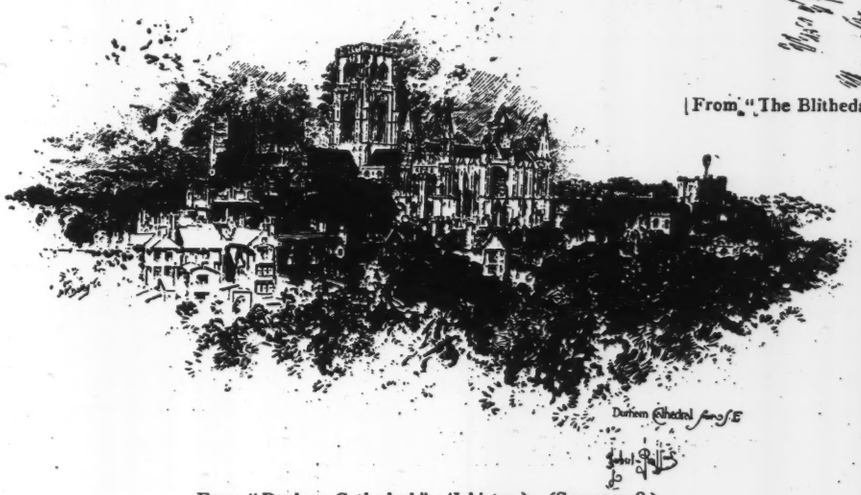

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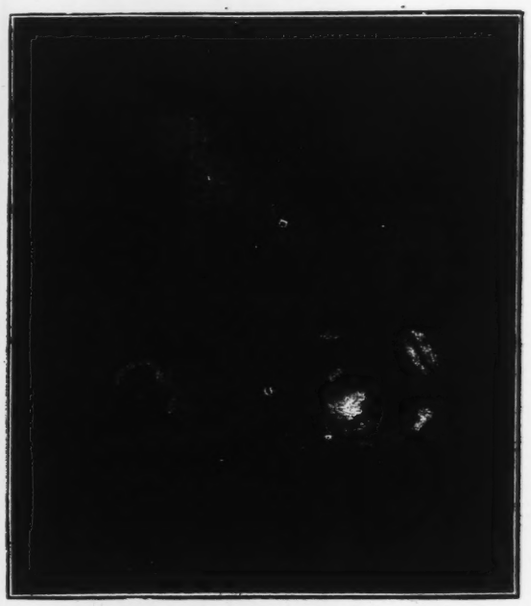

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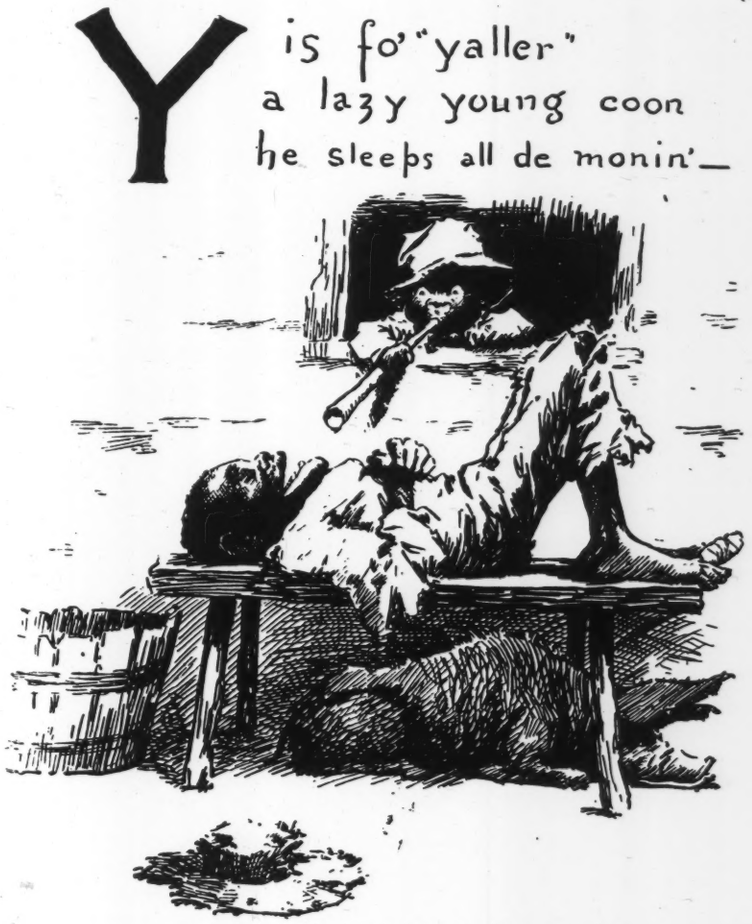

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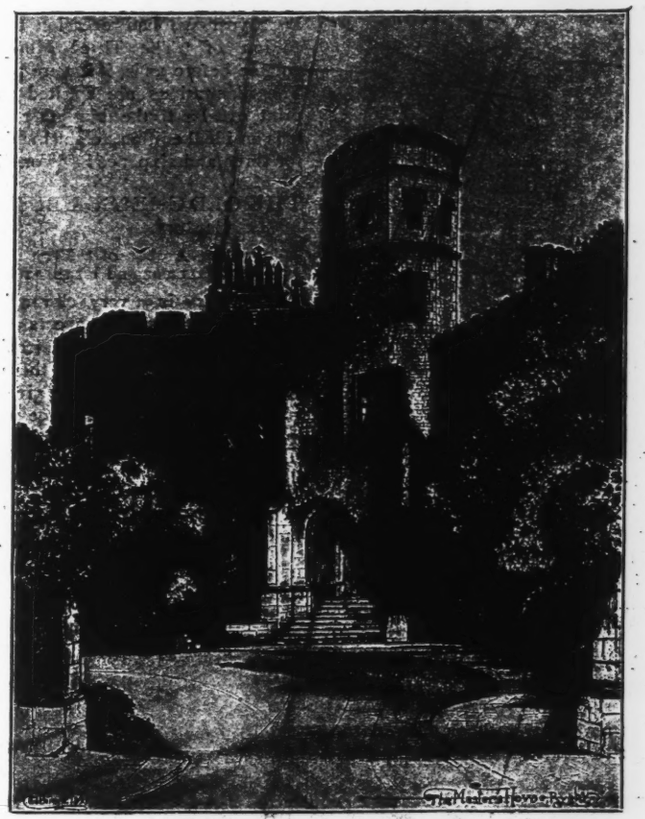

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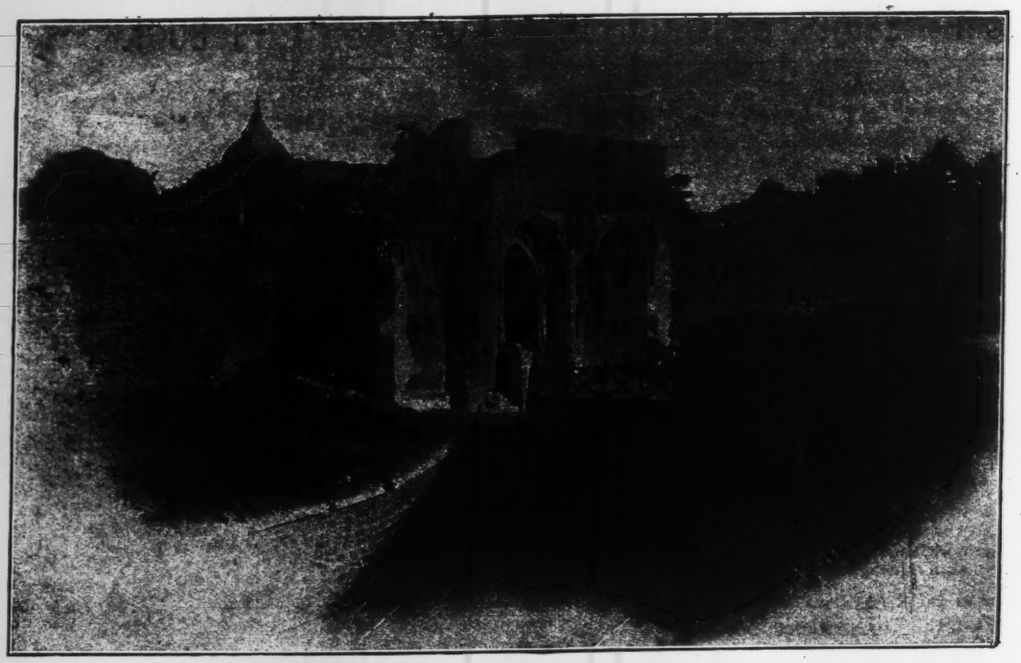

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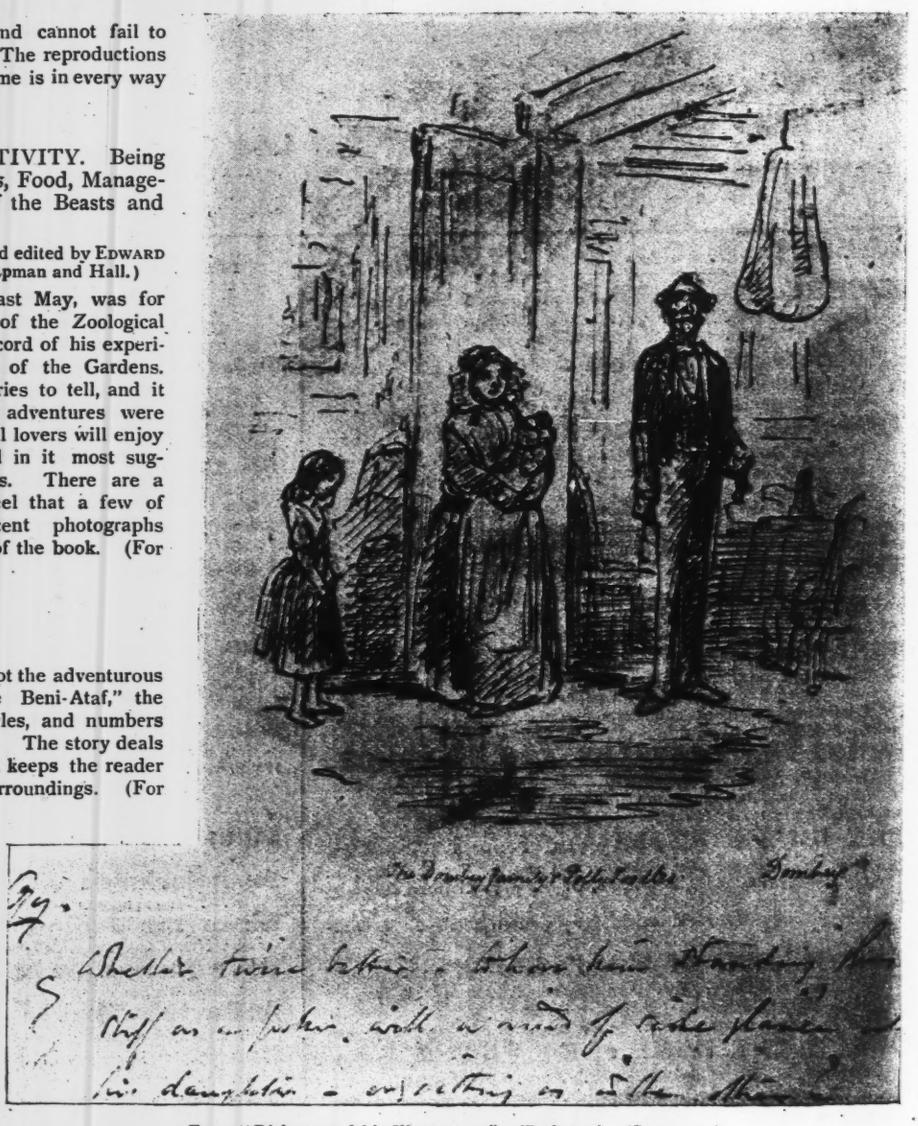

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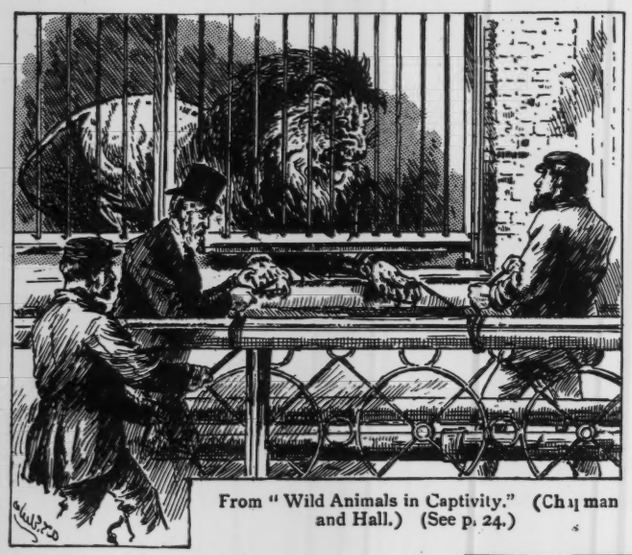

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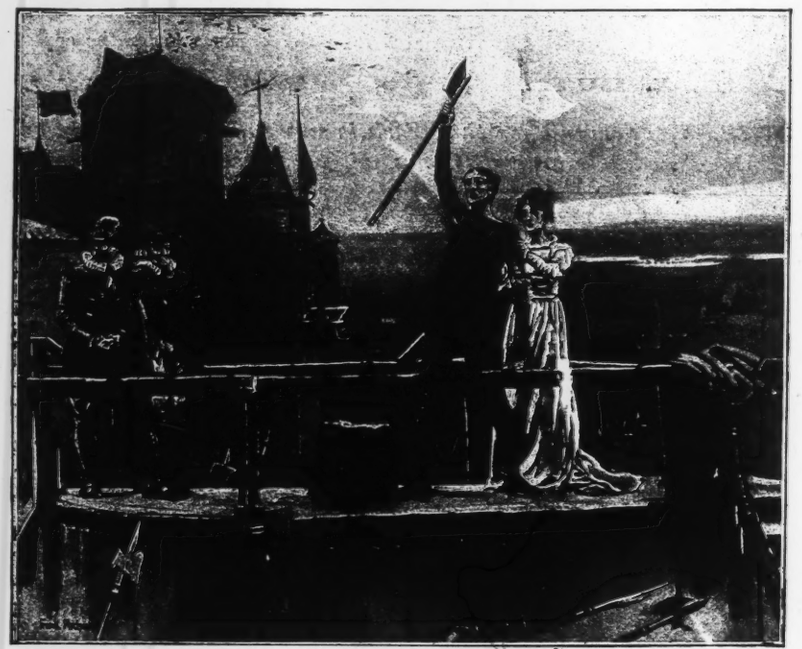

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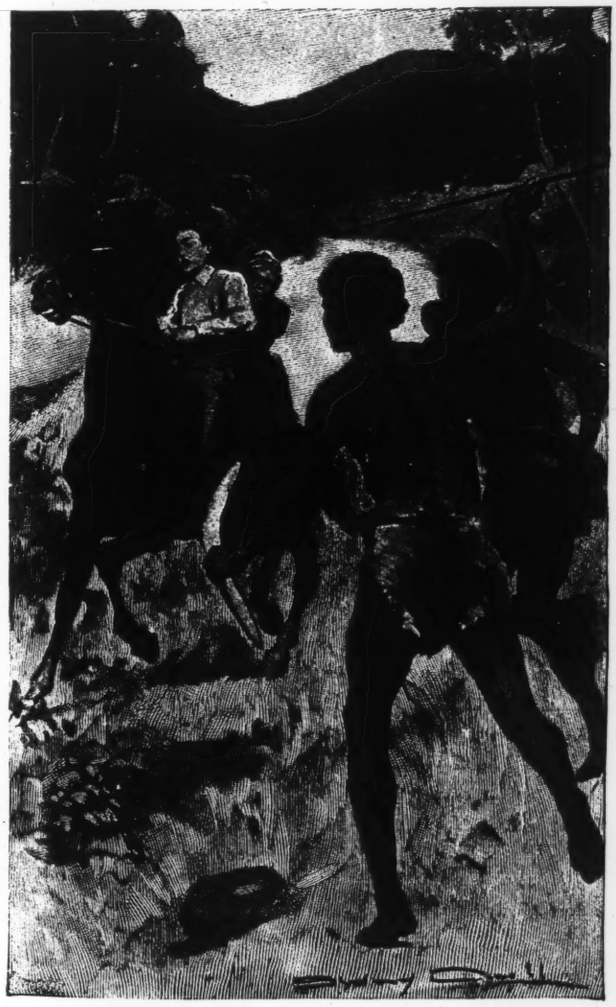

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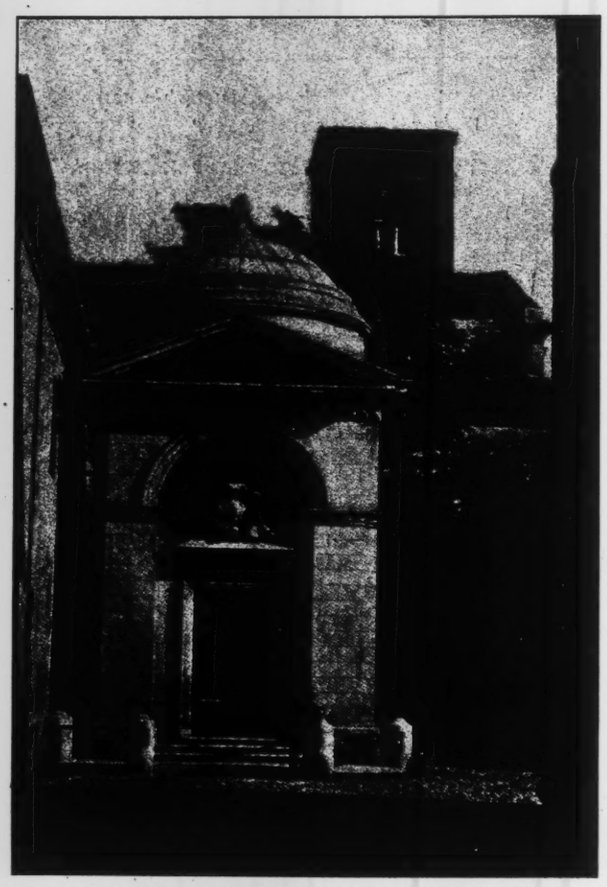

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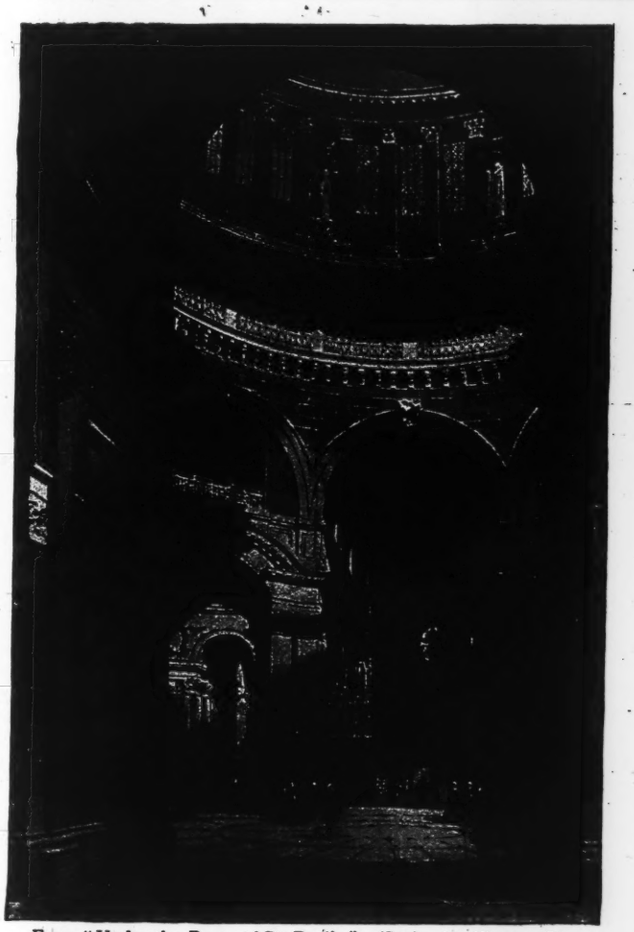

From "Under the Dome of St. Paul's." (Seeley.) (See p. 28.)

idea of their excellence may be gathered from the reproduction given on page 20. All lovers of Rossetti's work will welcome this handsome volume if only for the sake of its illustrations.

From "Wild Life at Home." (Cassell.) (See p. 30.)

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